

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1096 APRIL 1957

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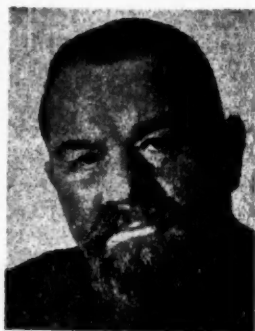
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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AFTER SUEZ AND HUNGARY

THE cleaning up of the mess caused by the Eden Government in the Middle East last autumn and a settlement with Egypt over the Suez Canal is going to be difficult and probably lengthy. Because of what our Government did we have now got to watch in the sidelines, while the United States takes the initiative in handling the case for the Western World and for the countries so vitally interested in the free navigation of the Suez Canal. Whether we shall ever again play the role of a power with any political influence in the East depends very much on our inaction or very discreet action now. In any case, now that all the Arab countries have their independence, our main material interest lies in the development of trade and capital investment in these countries in order to help our balance of payments and raise their standard of living. In other words we have to play much more the role of countries like Sweden, Holland and Germany who have no colonies now or have never had any but who have thriving economic connections with the Middle East. But if our political and military power in the Middle East is not what it was, there is no reason why with our long experience of colonial government and trading we should not begin to play a role in the diplomatic relations of this part of the world, once we can persuade people that our action last autumn was a temporary piece of madness brought on by most trying circumstances, not all of which were of our own choosing. For the United States was not blameless in this matter. She has two standards of values, one for the Far East where Communism is such a menace that China cannot be recognised, while a refugee dictator in Formosa can, and one in the Middle East, where Egypt, supported by Communist arms and Russia, can be not only recognised but treated with deference. American anti-colonialism has encouraged the new Arab Imperialism of Nasser in the Middle East. But the United States is coming to realise by experience that Communist colonialism can exist in the Middle as well as the Far East, and that the young nationalisms of the Arab world can be as great a danger to the peace of the world as the old Imperialisms of Europe, which in any case are as dead as the dodo today. Yet there are some who think in the old way with us still and they have largely helped to bring us to this pass by their influence at a critical moment on a weak Tory government. We can now say in the words of Kipling:

"We stand and see our life's work broken
And stoop to pick it up with worn out tools."

We must, however, now find new tools. And that still important section of our people who think, and say so openly, that it was a pity we listened to UNO and did not go on to Suez and finish the job, will have to realise that we are now living in the twentieth century.

As far as this country and Europe is concerned we must all together look round now and see whether we cannot find alternative routes and methods, so that our dependence on Middle East oil in its dangerous political surroundings becomes less. For there is going to be no security, even if the Canal is opened and the Syrian pipe-line mended, that Egyptian and Russian agents will not blow it up again whenever they think it

desirable to blackmail us. We cannot find alternative routes that will make us completely independent of the Suez Canal, but we can find other methods of transport and other routes which will go some way to mitigate the effects of a similar disaster of the last few months if one should unhappily occur again. Some oil can be got in other ways and some can come round the Cape. There does not seem to be any way whereby our trade in dry goods with the East can be kept going without the Canal, but we can build more large tankers and send them round the Cape at competitive costs. The main difficulty will be the deep-water ports over here. We can also build new pipe-lines across Turkey from Iraq, if we can get the latter's consent and thereby escape further Syrian blackmail. We can also redouble our efforts to get sterling oil in other parts of the world, so that we shall not be dependent as we have been on Middle East oil.

As far as a settlement over the Canal, the Egyptian-Israel frontier, Gaza and Akabar is concerned, we are witnessing today the semi-paralysis of UNO. For UNO is as effective in its influence and decisions as the sum of the wisdom of its component parts. And if one is going to be frank and not a prey to illusions, one must see that UNO is today merely a meeting-place for groups of nations, each having its own axe to grind and each using it as a means of getting it ground. There is, of course, Russia busy grinding the Communist axe with satellites at least formally obedient: her interest is to see that on no account is there any settlement anywhere, least of all in the Middle East. Then there is the Afro-Asian group whose main aim is to protect the young nationalisms of Asia and Africa, in itself a laudable aim. Unfortunately these young nations, revelling in their new-won independence, are quite capable of causing serious disruption in international trade and world economy. With them sovereignty is so sacred that its limitations, which the older nations submit to every time they sign an international treaty, is rejected by them. The chief spokesmen of the group are Colonel Nasser and Mr. Nehru. The former, in spite of economic weakness at home, indeed perhaps because of it, must be intransigent if he is to hold his leadership of the Arab world. He must at all costs score a success over the West. Mr. Nehru's mentality is very similar in so far as the basis of it is that the Western countries are a greater danger to the former colonial countries than Russia. The anti-colonial front is, therefore, the most important to him throughout the world, as long of course as Kashmir is excepted. Then the Western world has its own group. The European wing of it has been paralysed by the Anglo-French folly in Suez, leaving the United States as the most important of the Western Powers at UNO. The negotiations over the Israel conditions for withdrawal from the Gaza strip and Akabar have shown that opinion in the U.S.A. is not united. In this country opinion is fairly solid that Israel, who has at least over the last ten years justified its existence, however unjustified was its creation, should have now some sort of guarantee that the *status quo* is not restored and that Arab commandos shall not be allowed to make chaos in the frontier region once more. Some pedantic people here talk of Israel as the sole aggressor, as if the acts of an aggressor were the sole things to be considered. Section i. of Article I of the Charter says that the duty of UNO is to "take effective collective measures for the prevention and

removal of threats to peace." Israel therefore has every right to demand that UNO guarantees her from a return to the *status quo* which means commando raids and the blockading of Israel ships in Akabar and the Canal. But Nasser with his imperialist megalomania and Nehru with his tortuous mind and blind spots may prevent UNO from taking steps which will bring about a settlement. In the short term everything depends on public opinion in the United States whether it is sufficiently resolute and clear-headed to give the President the directions to force the rights of Israel and of international trade on the new Imperialists among the Arabs and their Indian hangers-on. In the long term the question is raised whether some reform in the functions and activities of UNO is not required, and whether groups of countries who see their vital interests and even their very existence threatened by selfish neo-Imperialists, using UNO as a stalking-horse, cannot take action in their own defence. The danger of independent action like that of Britain and France over Suez is obvious. Then world opinion was against us. It would be divided if Israel and the Western Powers took forcible steps to stop Egyptian gangsterdom and constant threats to international trade. For today there is even greater danger in acting like an ostrich when Assembly decisions now hang on such people as Mr. Krishna Menon.

Since the rape of Hungary the situation in Eastern Europe has become a little clearer. As I said in my last article, I believe that the Red Army leaders have laid it down that Russian forces must be stationed in the border countries as a guarantee for the protection of Russia's western frontiers. This seems rather antiquated thinking these days because who can tell in this nuclear age where frontiers are anyway? But what happened in Hungary seems to be connected with the fact that the revolutionary government there demanded the withdrawal of Russian troops. Mr. Gomulka in Poland did not demand this, consequently a working compromise was reached between Russia and Poland, while catastrophe supervened in Hungary. The settlement leaves Russian troops in Poland and Russia could interfere in Polish affairs, though it is doubtful if she would do so now. Mr. Gomulka has got for his country a degree of freedom for which his people will thank him, though not as much as Yugoslavia, because the latter country got rid of the Russians in the late stages of the war and was too far away and too difficult to treat like Hungary. Meanwhile a type of Communism is developing in Poland and Yugoslavia different from that of Russia. There is of course only one party at elections, the Communist Party, and there is no official opposition press, but there is plenty of plain speaking and criticism of the Government. People are not afraid to speak their minds and even to write letters to the papers. There is evidence that the Western Slavs who have originally through their Catholic religion been in close touch with Western democracies are tempering their Communism with greater freedom. In Yugoslavia particularly most interesting experiments are being made in industrial devolution and in workers' control and management of factories and undertakings. As a reaction against Russian Communist centralism the Yugoslavs are working out a system which gives much power to the localities; even in Western Europe it would repay us to study what they are doing. It seems also that Poland is going to work along the same lines.

And what of Russia herself? There is every reason to think that the Kremlin authorities are ashamed of what they did in Hungary and a little frightened at the moral ostracism to which they have been subjected throughout the world in consequence. After Stalin they sought to cultivate some degree of approval of their system by the West, which shows that they are not now indifferent to world opinion. Cultural exchanges have taken place and the regime has been quite ready to show to the world its achievements in technical education, science and engineering. These have been in fact quite considerable, as one would expect from a talented people like the Russians, if they are not constantly being intimidated, as they were under Stalin to harness free scientific research to Marxist dogma. Moreover it seems now that university students are demanding greater freedom to discuss different ideas and theories unhindered by the high priests of Communism. This may boil up into an intellectual revolt if it is not given free rein. I do not think that in Russia there will be anything like what has happened in Poland, for the Eastern Slavs are much too much a world to themselves and like all Russians have great respect for high political authority. But if it is to escape some form of trouble the Kremlin will have to beware and allow its people greater freedom of thought.

If matters in Eastern Europe look a little clearer, this is not the case in Central Europe. Germany is preparing for a general election and Dr. Adenauer's position is being challenged as never before. The Socialdemocrats seem to have committed themselves to negotiations with the Russians on the basis of unification with East Germany in return for concessions from West Germany. How far these concessions will go is not clear. They talk of a German army not committed to NATO, but how Germany is going to stand by herself in the present defence set-up in Europe is obscure. Are the other NATO powers to withdraw their forces from Germany? And will the Russians agree to free elections in East Germany after unification? Will they in fact abandon their protégés who certainly could not exist without Russian bayonets to support them? Most people outside the Socialdemocrats have their doubts. But what is going to happen if the Socialdemocrats win the elections? How much of the Socialdemocratic programme is election propaganda to get Dr. Adenauer out and how much might be dropped if they got into power is anyone's guess. But Dr. Adenauer's party is by no means on its last legs and the German electors are not easily panicked.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

ECHOES FROM THREE CAPITALS

ON the rainy day on which France's Prime Minister was busy with a vote of confidence and the latest descent of Mr. Dulles, I watched him in the oddly mixed Chamber of Deputies. He mesmerised the Assembly, tradesmen and professional politicians, generals and one-time premiers, into permitting him to continue in office. After all, it was he who had decided to attack the loathed and feared Arab friends of the Moroccans, Tunisians and now the Algerians. Neither my Algerian taxi-driver nor his (White) Russian colleague knew the "Hotel Matignon," well-guarded, out-of-date, official home of the Prime Minister for the time being, in an

unimpressive road. So after three false alarms I arrived late—to learn much from the gracious and professorial Chef de Cabinet at the “Hotel,” M. Émile Noel, powerful buffer between Prime Minister and public. Did he think the Chief would survive the day? “Prospects good,” he explained. He proved right. Then I watched the unnoticed, unhelped Prime Minister putting on his overcoat in the crowded cloakroom used by cameramen and distinguished journalists, waiting to note the smiles on Mr. Dulles, for a few moments, at the beautifully lit Quai d’Orsay. My Tunisian taxi-driver epitomised the situation as we drove to see the editor of a daily (that is probably not subsidised by any party or group): “We are rotting because we are occupied by a foreign Power . . . see their air-conditioned lorries here at half past midnight to take the fellows home from the clubs and pubs. Next, we are starving because France has not been at peace since Tunis affairs in 1938. Thirdly, we have no honest men at the head, none at all.” Paris contrasts are really grim: a display of minks, jewellery and diamonds and pearls in the new restaurant at the Ritz that makes London’s Coq d’Or clientèle look almost provincial. And in the back streets where I walked? They reminded me of Sunday in Bolton or Cardiff when autumn leaves are falling to add to the depression. Mr. Ritz, son of Cesar, the Swiss founder of the dynasty, told me, “On Sunday more wealth, power and influence can be found under the roof than probably anywhere in the world, with one exception, under the Palace roof, in St. Moritz, during February.” He should know, and does.

In his dining room overlooking a lovely forest I asked M. Georges Bonnet, whom I knew first in 1939 as Foreign Minister, about the sudden cease-fire in Port Said. Friend of the Prime Minister and of the imposing M. Delmas, who will one day startle us over the drama of Suez on October 14, 15, 16, 1956, he replied slowly. I was meanwhile studied by George VI in silver frame, and his consort, with young Elizabeth by her side and smiling Margaret on the mother’s lap, in adjoining silver frame. He declared, “We were asked about our troops in France.” And what did France answer? “We had to say, ‘About 35,000.’ We were asked, how many faced the Nazis from May 11 till June 13, 1940? We replied, ‘About one million and a half.’ We were asked, ‘If the Russians with three motorised and armoured divisions cross the zone frontier, how long will the French stand up?’ We replied, ‘About four days.’” Monsieur Bonnet added, “Those who opposed the crazy adventure entertained few doubts about the Bulganin threat, about the availability of the guided rocket—a year ago.” I think General Norstadt’s aides—he lives near enough Paris to be able to receive good golfers with open arms—are of the same opinion as M. Bonnet and his friends. Hence “Shape’s” plea for less pruning or slicing of Britain’s Nato contribution.

Just before Eden fell I asked a French leader what their authorities thought of the prospects of Gaitskell’s or Bevan’s rise to power. The reply is symptomatic of wishful thinking or something more sinister: “The Prime Minister assures us if an election came British Socialists would be routed, for Eden has new support, even among Labour folk.”

One of the Prime Minister’s friends, a distinguished foreign ambassador who studied at the Sorbonne, confided to me—“Whatever I may be saying, I know, he is listening with half his mind, for he is thinking only, and

speaking only, of Algeria." Final impression? The poverty of France is frightening, as described by five cheminots to whom I listened for hours in their compartment, on my way to Berne. "We think only of how to make ends meet. The hours are long. We have had no peace for seventeen years. It can't go on." None spoke of any brighter tomorrows. What should France do? She ought, her discoveries of American letters and promises in the captured aircraft in Africa notwithstanding, to reach an immediate, if costly, compromise with the rebels. Thus—if suspect America is not used as broker—France might save something of her oil wealth in Algeria; much technical guidance and capital could continue there under French names. The wise Tunisian Premier might help.

Polite and efficient, the charming stewardess of Air France mollycoddled a sick Englishwoman twice her size and an American youth of seventeen as we descended in comfort, on the dot of time, over proud and resurgent Hamburg. I had seen the port shortly after our bombers had razed most buildings and homes, and several times since. Now it laughs, laughs loudest, with superb shops, new, modern, wide, architects' babies, huge homes and apartment blocks, streets and avenues. Illuminations for Christmas in one street staggered me with magnificence—until I reached the next—admiring the throngs with arms packed full of gifts. Offices of newspapers and periodicals make even the ritzy *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* look a bit like *The Times* by comparison (omitting the principal staircase in London, of course). Thus the editor of *Hören und Sehen* has offices of thick glass, clean, silent, imposing—even better than has the editor of *Oggi* in Milan. The chauffeur sent by the Volkswagen president drove most of the time at seventy-five miles an hour on the motor road or normal road. Here in Wolfsburg I had the shocks I did not expect. The fabulous Professor Heinz Nordhoff has thrown us out of our supremacy in the United States, though the design of his car has scarcely been changed in seventeen years. Over 1,500,000 cars are running about in 117 countries, yet in 1943 allied raiders destroyed about 60 per cent. of the factory in Wolfsburg. Dr. Nordhoff builds, builds, expands, but his agents cannot cope with demand in the United States and 116 other countries. The 35,000 workers, in a town of 45,000 inhabitants, support two decent papers full of foreign telegrams properly presented, without the sugar on the pill considered necessary in football pool countries. The theatre, cinemas (with German films), art galleries, evening classes, camera clubs and musical clubs and societies, prosper. Folk at the assembly lines discussed the last or the next symphony concert. Should our cigar smoking, club chair travellers among car tycoons, not run across to examine the Nordhoff mystery, the secret of his, startling triumphs, achieved in a maximum of modesty and calm? Laid-off workers in factories in Britain ought to know more of Nordhoff.

Holland's pathetic loss of her rich empire after the second world war is visible in the bearing of these long conceited and smug people, principally in the dull Hague. Dethroned, divided, disillusioned Holland contains many folk who were happy to learn of the appalling difficulties and sorrows facing another declining Empire and superior France. Dutchmen foretold that we should be in their parlous state soon. Probably one Dutchman in a hundred knows any of the details about the long knives in the royal palace, the rows between Prince Bernhard, former salesman now in his forty-sixth year, and

the protocolaire, kindly and obstinate Queen, in her forty-eighth year. Scarcely one official who held power at the time of the disclosures last summer in the German weekly in Hamburg remains in the palace today. The dismissals or resignations have been wholesale. It is difficult to credit the fact that the government succeeded in suppressing an article on the subject of the royal bickerings written some years ago by a foreign journalist. They tried again last summer, in Hamburg, and failed. But now it seems this paper is going to be quiet, for a while. As for the Dutch press—references to the crisis and the Prince's promises to the Committee of Three Wise Men are not made. The iron curtain appears to be more effective than in any Balkan State, despite the presence of a Socialist Prime Minister. Dutch ineffectiveness and slovenliness are not to be seen in their famed war-time Premier, Professor Gerbrandy, whose outspoken book on the loss of Indonesia appears to have been less widely read in this country than it ought to be. Differences in the current leadership may be due to interference by the Queen and her unhappiness, yet she has no intention of abdication in favour of her daughter.

Dutch leaders and most other Europeans might gather invaluable lessons in government and vitality, in the arts of civilisation by a brief stay in Switzerland. Passport officials, customs examiners, tram drivers, bus conductors, hotel and restaurant waiters, girls in the shops, behave as if Europe were an oasis in a dark world. I have not met a badly dressed man or woman in Berne, my favourite city, or in Geneva, Basle, Zurich, Neuchatel—during any visit in recent years. I have never seen a beggar in these places. It is almost startling after London and Paris to listen to people in trams or trains addressing one another politely, opening doors for strangers in shops, speaking on the telephone as if the bailiff was not waiting to enter. Telephone girls and postal officials are on all occasions surely the model of models, and the Swiss service of letters has reached a peak of efficiency that is better not discussed in these isles. I should like to send many of our hotel staffs in the expensive towns for a few days to Mrs. Hans Badrutt's empire in St. Moritz, or a place similar to her Palace—Mr. Bert Candrian's Suvretta, or, Mr. Toni Badrutt's Kulm. The poise in these castles is an idyllic dream come true. It is not surprising that every time Dr. Max Petitpierre, Foreign Minister for twelve years, thinks of offering his resignation petitions are sent pleading for him to continue in office. His lack of affectation, and modesty are typically Swiss. The Confederation's fabulous place as world leader seems as assured as the changes in the seasons. Her unique prosperity, modernity, scientific and industrial research and academic progress, devotion to courtesy at all levels, decency, are reflected in the best press anywhere. She may be proud of unmatched illustrated monthlies, splendidly edited weeklies with pictures alike from lonely outposts and scenes of current conflict presented as if news still remains sacred, six or eight page dailies whose established correspondents abroad are daily given space on the scale of *The Times* and *Observer*, periodicals run by personages of background and standing. Can the reader of these words of tribute imagine a normal newspaper whose main or front page regularly gives news for grown-up adults, and never carries details of the colour of Princess Margaret's gloves or Princess Anne's hat, the time spent by Prince Charles riding in the Castle grounds and the name of the

horse, intimate nursery details of the Monaco child, or the latest gang exploit in a jeweller's at Wapping or Walthamstow, the aunt's ready story of a murdered prostitute in a Midlands town, what Mr. Parker said? I cannot conclude this picture of a dream world, that is Switzerland in 1957, without a mention of the women from twenty-five foreign embassies and legations who wept like little children. They had watched shots taken in mortuaries, hospitals, in deserted streets. They had been invited to an embassy in nostalgic, neutral, comfortable Berne. They had seen a film titled, "Port Said, 1956." Has any paper ever found space for this film and its indictment?

GEORGE BILAIKIN

INFLUENCE OF ISRAEL ON JUDAISM

IN the middle of the nineteenth century a new force appeared on the Jewish horizon. Nationalism, which had inspired the peoples of Greece,

Italy, the Balkan countries, Germany and Austria-Hungary to assert their independence and win freedom from foreign control, began to excite in many Jews, both of Western and Eastern Europe, the aspiration to restore their national home and be free from persecution. Others wanted to establish a living centre of Judaism where the Jew should be free from foreign cultural domination. The movement was from one aspect a revolt against the frustration of exile, from another the revival of the Psalmist's: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem." At first it was a still small voice. During the last two decades of the century it gathered momentum from the persecution of Russian Jewry, and also from the frustration in the West of the bright hopes of the Liberal parties for a human society without racial or religious discrimination. It took a practical activity when small societies of Jews, principally from Eastern Europe, settled on the soil in Palestine, and formed agricultural villages. It expanded into a national organisation when an Austrian Jewish man of letters, Dr. Herzl, inspired with a vision, in 1895 flung out the challenge of his book: "The Jews' State" (*der Judenstaat*). Two years later Herzl convened the first modern representative assembly of the Jews of the world to work for a national home in Palestine.

From that Congress at Basle the political Zionist movement was born, and it soon attracted the support of statesmen and idealists of the world. The establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine was recognised, first by the British Government during the First World War, and then by the Allies and the League of Nations, as an object of the new order in the Middle East, and was a major trust of the Palestine administration during the thirty years of British Mandatory rule. The policy was checked by the prospect of the Second World War in 1939. At the end of that war an unhappy period of frustration and revolt led to Britain's abandonment of the Mandate. The Assembly of the United Nations in 1947 voted for the creation of a Jewish State in part of Palestine. Then in May, 1948, after a period of fierce civil strife, came the declaration by the Jews in Palestine of the State of Israel. After another year of spasmodic fighting with the Arabs, in which the Jews were victorious, and the signing of Armistice agreements with the Arab States, Israel was received as a member of the United Nations.

The restoration of national independence is destined to have a profound influence on Jews and Judaism everywhere; and it is opportune to consider what has been achieved in its cultural and spiritual aspects by that little nation, which today (1956) numbers one and two-third million Jews, about one-seventh of the whole people. The Jews have now a physical as well as a "portable Fatherland," and they can develop in free conditions their own civilisation. That is the big change. Herzl declared in a famous phrase: "The return to Judaism must precede the return to the Jewish land." In other words, there must be a spiritual awakening before there could be a strong physical settlement in the country. In fact, the two movements have been parallel. A contemporary of Herzl, the Russian Jew, Asher Ginsberg, who wrote under the pseudonym of Ahad Ha'am (One of the People), was the creator of "spiritual Zionism," and opposed Herzl's political activity. The essential task, in his view, was to revive Judaism rather than to save homeless Jews. In the Land of Israel the prophetic ideals of justice within the nation and between nations must be fulfilled. Another famous Jewish sage and scholar of that generation, Professor Solomon Schechter, saw in Zionism a bulwark against assimilation, a declaration that Judaism meant to preserve its life by not losing it. "You cannot sever Jewish nationality from Jewish religion." The religion would be revived in the Land of the Bible, and would be a strength not only for the remnant dwelling in Israel, but for the communities in the dispersion. How far have these hopes been realised?

One outstanding achievement of the last forty years has been that Hebrew has become the living language of the National Home, and is so expanded that every department of human thought and knowledge can be expressed in it. Equally significant is it that the Hebrew Bible has become the basis of education in Israel, and its books are, in the words of the English Coronation Service, "the living oracles of God" for those dwelling in the land. Though a part of the population describes itself as atheist and followers of the Marxist materialism, the contact with the Land of the Bible and the revival of the language of the Bible have the effect of regenerating the Hebraic spirit. The history of the Hebrews and the Jewish people, moreover, becomes dramatically relevant for the youth of today.

The secularist tendency, indeed, is to replace the religious bond of the traditional way of life by a feeling of unity with the life of the ancient Jewish people. Archaeology becomes a substitute for religion to many who have given up traditional observance. The Jews in Israel are a people of the spade as well as a people of the book. The pages of the Bible spring to life when archaeology supplies endlessly fresh knowledge and a new interpretation, and when the struggles of the Hebrews against the empires of antiquity are reflected in the present struggle of Israel with the neighbouring Arab States. The Hebrew Bible calls to the depths of the unconscious of the young. All sections are eager in different ways to forge a link between the Bible and the State. In the religious Kibbutz the Torah is the pattern for the young society, even if it is not always regarded as a divine revelation. The living Bible may be the precursor of a revived Judaism.

The life in Israel has also brought about a radical change in Jewish vocational occupations. There is a movement away from commerce, and back to the land and to skilled trades. Manual labour has an almost

religious appeal, so that the use of one Hebrew word, "Avoda," for work and worship seems natural. The Halutz (literally, pioneer) working the land is the ideal type. The Sabbath day of rest, moreover, and the historical and national festivals of the Jewish calendar gain a fresh and spontaneous appeal. Their essential joyful character is recovered. Judaism is not a State religion, but on the other hand Israel is not a purely secular State. The observance of the Sabbath and festivals is supported by a law which requires places of business and industry to be closed on those days from sunset to sunset. Recently disturbances have been caused in Jerusalem by religious groups demonstrating against motor-vehicles passing on the Sabbath through their quarters. The importation of meat by the Government is restricted to ritually killed supplies. The law of marriage and divorce for Jews is the rabbinical law, and rabbinical courts have exclusive jurisdiction in those matters. Some critics abroad attack this limited application of the religious law as the imposition of a theocratic state and a denial of individual freedom. Yet it seems an exaggerated complaint, seeing that the law of marriage and divorce in many countries is regulated or influenced by the religious creed, without any suggestion of a theocratic constitution. The religious parties in Israel would indeed like to go further in making the rabbinical law supreme in the State, adapting it to modern needs, and sweeping away the Western codes and ordinances which were taken over from the British Administration. That policy, however, is not accepted by the majority of the citizens, though some adjustment of the civil and criminal law of Israel in the light of the principles of Jewish jurisprudence is likely when conditions are more stabilised. The time may come, but not yet, for convening a modern Sanhedrin, a gathering of rabbinical leaders and learned laymen, who may give a fresh interpretation to the law.

The glimmerings of a new social and religious order in Israel are at present vague. But the Messianic faith is strong, and almost all sections share the belief in Providence and miracles, and regard the return to the Land of Israel as a Messianic movement fulfilling the vision of the Hebrew prophets. The new order is visibly marked in forms of the social community which reflect the ideals of equality and social justice. They are the collective and the co-operative agricultural societies known as the Kibbutz and the Moshav. The Jewish social tradition can again be made real. The social principles, which are expressed in the Mosaic law concerning the Sabbatical Year of release and the Jubilee, receive in Israel a fresh application. Co-operation is the keynote of the economic structure. So lived the Essenes, whose way of life has vividly been revealed by the Dead Sea scrolls, and so, too, lived the early Christians, who were Jewish Christians. The system of land tenure, also, carries out the teaching of the Mosaic law:—"The land shall not be sold permanently, for the land is mine, saith the Lord, and ye are sojourners with me." The greatest part of the soil in Israel is owned by a trust body representing the Jewish nation, and the funds for its purchase are contributed by Jews all over the world. In these ways the teaching of the rabbis begins to be illustrated: "the land of Israel is the one place in which the whole Torah can be fulfilled."

Professor Martin Buber, living in Israel, has pointed to the Kibbutz as a new form of social life which has a more than local and national

significance. It may be, he thinks, the prelude to a better order in the world. The voluntary socialism of "Jerusalem" is contrasted by him with the State-enforced socialism of "Moscow." Internally the ideal of social justice is sincerely pursued. It must be admitted that, since the establishment of the State, the institution of the Kibbutz has lost some of its idealist character, and has disappointed the high hopes which twenty years ago outside observers, like Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner for Palestine, 1932-1937, or Mr. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, formed about it. On the one hand, there has been an enrichment of the collective community, and a raising of the standard of life far removed from the old austerity; on the other, the introduction of party political feeling into the small societies has led to a rift between the two wings of the Socialist movement, which previously lived in amity together. The minority group in a Kibbutz has in several cases been forced to move and join another group of their own party.

The most serious test, however, of the fulfilment of the ethical teaching of Judaism in the State is the conduct of Israel towards the neighbouring Arab States and to the Arab minority in the midst of the Jewish population. The circumstances have been baffling and unpropitious. Since the Armistice agreements were made in 1949, between Israel and the Arab States whose armies had invaded her territory, the position has been desperately uneasy. The States have been obstinately unwilling to enter into negotiations for turning the armistice into a peace settlement; and particularly in the latter years there have been constant grave incidents on the frontiers and marauding by Arab bands. The prophetic idea that the return of the Children of Israel to the Land of Israel would usher in an era of justice and international peace has been tragically disappointed. And Freud's assertion that the Jew had got rid of the desire to kill appears dubious. It is, of course, unreasonable to expect that, during eight years of ceaseless struggle for existence, Israel could have done anything effective to hasten the millennium. For nearly two thousand years the Jewish sages have stood for the moral absolutes when they had no responsibility. Now the statesmen of Israel must harmonise those absolutes with political responsibility.

In its essential idea of the Unity of God, the unity of the world and the unity of mankind, Judaism ideally regards the Jewish nation as part of an international order in which the law of righteousness must prevail. The challenge to Israel today is to live up to that conception, and make the foundation of the State a step to the Kingdom of God on earth. It must in that case not only seek peace with its neighbours, but pursue it regardless of provocation by hostile acts of the neighbours. Eighty years ago George Eliot had a vision of "a new Judea, poised between East and West, a Covenant of Reconciliation, a land set for the halting-place of enmities." It sounds ironical today; but Israel must believe in miracles. Jewish critics have deplored the "State conformity," the identification of the existing State with the Kingdom of God. That attitude leads many to justify the action of the State, though it conflicts with the moral teaching of the prophets and the rabbis. In the old Kingdoms of Israel and Judah the prophets stood up against the priests and the kings when they transgressed the moral law. Today the Chief Rabbi, the religious heads

of the community, and the members of the religious political parties in the Knesset are ardent nationalists, and not non-conformists.

The other major aspect of the establishment in the Land of Israel of a living centre of Judaism is its influence on the communities of the dispersion. Judaism, since the destruction of the State and the Temple, has always had some rallying point: Galilee, Babylon, Egypt, Spain, Poland, Germany, Russia. Now incontestably that point is again the Land of Israel. A sympathetic Christian scholar has pointed out that Judaism should radiate afresh from its new power-house to the scattered congregations. Einstein, too, noted that the pride of the Jewish people in building up the national home would be a fresh bond of the dispersion, and would take the place of the traditional observance, which was no longer so powerful. Israel has already given dignity to the Jews, and may in time revivify Judaism. A genuine reform of Judaism may come through the experience of life in Israel, and may influence the whole congregation, just as the return after the First Captivity in Babylon ushered in the transformation of the Hebrew cult into Judaism.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE DISUNITED ARAB WORLD

SINCE the Second World War the unified strength of the Arab World has been repeatedly thrust in the face of mankind. It has been used as a threat calculated to discourage outside intervention when the laws of international justice demanded intervention and it has been advanced as justification for actions ranging far beyond the normal field of Arab politics. To prove their unity and strength, the Arab countries of the Near and Middle East joined together in the Arab League, thus presenting a façade across which is written, so that all should read, "We are Arab Nations, therefore we are united." Need the world accept this? On the contrary. All the evidence suggests that behind this glittering façade lies a maelstrom of conflicting political and economic currents; of national and individual ambitions; of personal greed and perpetual internal struggles for power. The only factor holding the Arabs together today is their common hatred of Israel and the Jews, and even this can be attributed to their inherent wild passions rather than to cool calculated politics. This Jew-hatred is long standing and has become almost a tradition. Ever since its creation Jordan has never allowed Jews within its borders, while King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, the only great leader produced by the Arab world during this century, made no secret throughout his long and turbulent life of his intense hatred of the Jews.

What then are the obvious cracks in this imposing structure called the Arab League? The fundamental conflict stems from the character of the Arab. He is essentially an individualist, the nature of his homeland having bred this characteristic firmly within him. From the dawn of human history this cruel, barren region has forced upon its inhabitants a perpetual struggle to preserve life and obtain the bare essentials of living. It was so in the time of Abraham, and, for most of the Arabs, it is still true to-day. The survival of the family, and later, the tribe, has always depended upon the courage, initiative and physical strength of its head. It may be that

the modern necessity for internal peace has robbed the tribes of much of their former independence and has certainly curbed the power of their Sheiks but, in the final reckoning, individual loyalty to the tribe and the closing of the tribal ranks in defence of the individual is still a dominating factor in Arab life. This loyalty of the tribe to one of its brethren probably saved the life of the Prime Minister of Iraq early in 1948. Prime Minister Salih Jabr had negotiated the new "Portsmouth Treaty" with Britain. Nationalist and communist mobs, led by the ever-ready students, were roused to a frenzy by the terms of the treaty and a wave of riots spread through Baghdad and the other large cities of Iraq. At the end of a week of bloodshed Salih Jabr returned to the capital but almost immediately had to flee for his life, such was the temper of the inflamed populace. It was announced that he had taken refuge in Jordan and, with the formation of a new government, order was restored. In actual fact Salih Jabr had joined his tribe at Hillah, a small town only a few miles to the South of Baghdad. In a matter of weeks tempers had cooled and the Portsmouth Treaty had been revoked. Then, one Saturday morning the tribe of the ex-Prime Minister descended upon Baghdad. Those in cars completely blocked the road connecting the town with the airport while some two or three hundred others, each man armed to the teeth, formed a solid mass upon the lawns bordering the tarmac upon which stood an aircraft scheduled for Cairo. In the middle of this human shield stood Salih Jabr, safe within his tribe. And there he remained, totally inaccessible to all but trusted friends until a moment before take-off when he boarded the aircraft and was flown to safety.

Popular national appeals to Arab pride can always arouse dormant passions which are never more than partly subdued. Usually, however, the spasms are short-lived. While the Arab is prepared to fight for the necessities of today or even tomorrow he is seldom able to appreciate the need to continue the fight to ensure against the day after. Generations must pass before an Arab world will be able to rely, for its unified strength, upon the true brotherhood of its members. It is generally supposed that their language is a common bond holding the peoples of the Arabic speaking countries together. The Arabic language, however, is really a number of languages. The Baghdadi, speaking his own Iraqi Arabic, finds difficulty in making himself understood in Cairo, while a Damascene, relying upon his local Syrian version of the language, would be regarded as a foreigner in Saudi Arabia. Fortunately for the Arab world, however, Classical Arabic is understood and spoken by its more educated peoples and by its leaders. Thus the local fundamental variations are set aside. Nevertheless, where the common people are concerned, the language factor, as a bar to full and complete intercourse and brotherly understanding, must be given its full measure of importance. A much more potent source of division is religion. The whole of the Arab block is essentially Moslem by faith but, like most other religions, Mohammedanism is split into rival sects and widely split at that.

It is a far more "public" faith than some of the other large world religions. No true follower of Mohamet would omit his period of prayer at the five set hours of each day, no matter where he is or what he is doing. In any part of Islam it is a normal sight to see the carpenter or the copper

worker lay down his tools or the farmer leave his plough just before sunset, spread out his small prayer mat and kneeling, face towards Mecca, reverently intone, with full ritual, the prayers of that hour. To the "Faithful" it is the only true faith, to be followed fervently and to be defended fiercely. Unfortunately for the internal peace of Islam, however, each sect defends its own interpretation of the teachings of the Prophet with the same wild passion and fervour that it would bring to the wider dispute of Mohammedanism v. Christianity. And because these differing interpretations are displayed in public the dissensions are advertised and personal religious antagonisms inflamed.

It is traditional that Mohamet declared that Islam would in time become divided into 73 sects but that only one would survive. As a consequence Arabic writers on the subject feel compelled to restrict themselves to that number but describe many diverse classifications and, in reality, describe some hundreds of sects. Well over half the Moslem population of the world follows the Sunni interpretations of Islamic Law and the Koran. This sect can be regarded as the more orthodox branch of Islam. Their hatred of all the other heretical sects is terrifyingly real, and it is more than likely that it was an underlying cause of the Baghdad mob's lust for the head of Salih Jabr in early 1948. He was Iraq's first Shia Prime Minister. The Shias are a smaller but still very powerful sect. They make up for their inferiority in numbers by a fierce and intolerant defence of their faith. Their two holy cities in Iraq, Najaf and Karbala, rank second only to Mecca, and Moslems alone are allowed to reside in them. As well as being Moslems it is well that their inhabitants should be Shias since all other sects, and Sunnis in particular, are abhorred about as much as the infidel. I well recall the consternation on the face of the Chief of Police in Karbala some few years ago when I informed him of my intention to break my journey to the western frontier of Iraq by staying the night in the town. Only the weight of my credentials persuaded him to allow me to do this, and then only on condition that I occupied a room inside the police post and remained under armed guard. A jaunt into the town was unthinkable; not even accompanied by my armed "shadow."

Recent rioting in Najaf has been given much publicity by Moscow as a sign of popular antagonism to the government. It could be just that. On the other hand, knowing the inflammable religious sentiments of the place, I suggest that it could be nothing more than another of those Shia "flare-ups" caused by some imagined and probably obscure act of Sunni oppression.

A third and very powerful sect are the Wahhabis. The power of this branch of Islam stems not from its numbers, for they comprise a relatively small proportion of the Moslem population of the world, but from the fact that one wealthy country, Saudi Arabia, is solidly and unalterably of this one faith. Because of its wealth, Saudi Arabia, and that means the Wahhabi sect, plays a powerful part in Arab affairs. The Wahhabis are the extremists; the fanatical puritans of Islam. Music, alcohol and tobacco are forbidden to the true followers of Mohammed Ibn Abdul Wahhab who, in the early years of the eighteenth century, whipped the Arabs of Central Arabia into a frenzy of religious reform. Consequently, its recently acquired oil wealth notwithstanding, Saudi Arabia is a severe country, severe

to itself and severe in its intolerant attitude to fellow Moslems of rival sects. It can be likened to England under Cromwell. Sunnis and especially Shias are regarded as heretics and a very healthy hatred for both is readily apparent to any visitor to Saudi Arabia. In their turn the Shias still keep alive the memory of the desecration of their holy shrines during the sacking of Karbala and Najaf by the Wahhabis in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Such are the religious schisms which are eternally rending and weakening the cause of Arab unity.

Students of history will point to the flood of Arab conquests when the armies of Islam, strong in the unity of their faith, poured out of Arabia across Africa and into Europe during the seventh century A.D. While accepting this, it is well to remember that it was a new and simple faith which filled the hearts of the fanatical disciples of the "Prophet" in this their first and most successful Jihad or Holy War. The doctrinal schisms which were later to rend and split the "true faith" from top to bottom were not then troubling the "true believers." So when countries outside the Arab block are threatened with the Jihad, as we in Britain have been recently threatened by Egypt, an appreciation of the state of internal religious disruption now existing within Islam can serve to place such "fire-breathing" in its right perspective. The greatest factor of all, however, which will inevitably prevent a sincere and lasting unity of the Arab States in the Near and Middle East is oil. This group of nations is made up of the "haves" and the "have-nots": those which have oil in abundance and those which have little or none. Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait control nearly all the known oil reserves of the area. The whole national economy of each of these countries rests fairly and squarely upon the production of these oil fields. Once poor, they are now rich. Without the flow of oil they would, of necessity, revert to their previous positions as pauper states dependent upon outside help for the maintenance of their internal economy.

Similarly, the States of Syria and the Lebanon, although without oil, derive vital revenues from the pipe-lines which cross their territories. Egypt produces only a small amount of oil and Jordan none.

Taking these facts alone it is clearly apparent that the Arab Group in this area is split by widely divergent national interests and it seems hardly likely that any one of the big three oil producers would be willing to jeopardise the fundamentals of its economy by engaging in a Holy War, and so deprive itself of its European oil markets; a disaster of the first magnitude. Recent events in the Suez Canal area have caused a violent explosion of Arab passions and much talk of Arab solidarity. The period of clarification and settlement will be the testing time for the Arab League. Events already suggest that it has been found wanting; its flimsy structure exposed. Hot-headed and ill-considered acts of sabotage in Syria and Kuwait point to one obvious fact which emerges from the recent Middle East crisis; that the "haves" can no longer, even if they ever did, trust the "have-nots."

What of the future of Jordan? This small State, created in order to reward Abdulla for his support in the First World War, has none of the normal territorial reasons for its existence. It is neither a geographical

region nor is it an economic entity; it is not a distinctive racial unit nor a region of even moderate wealth.

The sole reason for its existence is strategic. From it Britain has been able to offer protection to her interests in the Near and Middle East. Without British financial and military support, Jordan will inevitably become a bone of Arab contention over which the other Arab States will snarl and quarrel for years to come. Her present Arab friends will sit around this not particularly succulent morsel, each warily eyeing the others and waiting the opportunity to strike. When the time is ripe Egypt will do so in order to satisfy her avowed national ambitions; Syria to isolate Iraq from the West; Saudi Arabia because its ruling family is the traditional enemy of the Hashimite ruler of Jordan—and family feuds die hard in Arab hearts—and Iraq because its King is the cousin of King Hussein of Jordan and so would not tolerate its annexation by any country other than itself. Deprived of British protection, Jordan stands very little chance of surviving as a nation. She will unavoidably become submerged in that same sea of Arab intrigue in which she seems so anxious to wallow.

It is clear from a study of all available evidence that this mighty conception of a unified Arab World is one gigantic bluff. Just wishful and hopeful thinking. The pseudo-bonds of Arab internationalism are one thing; fine words recalling the glories of the past and the common religious strength of the present are another. When, however, the final deciding question is asked, the harsh facts of national economy, and that means oil, will decide the answer.

L. G. CAMERON

WYNDHAM LEWIS

ARTIST, novelist, critic, pamphleteer, Percy Wyndham Lewis died on March 8, aged seventy-two, a rebel all-rounder. He was of the age-class of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and James Joyce, whom, along with himself, he described as constituting "the men of 1914." His first fiction *Tarr* (1918) was hailed by Pound as "the most vigorous and volcanic English novel of our time," while Eliot spoke of the author as possessing "the thought of the modern and the energy of the cave-man."

But already by this time he had fluttered the dovescotes of conventional art and letters by his production of the magazine *BLAST* with its strident manifesto of Vorticism.* This movement, to which a number of young artists and poets temporarily subscribed (Richard Aldington, Ezra Pound, William Roberts, Gaudier Brzeska, Edward Wadsworth, and others), bore some resemblance to Futurism, which Marinetti was parading at the time. But whereas Futurism sought to express the element of motion in moving objects, Vorticism sought to freeze out that movement and lock the object in a stasis of form. In *Blasting and Bombardiering* (1937), Wyndham Lewis reports how Marinetti one day pressed him to declare himself a Futurist, and how he answered the Italian impressario by quoting a line of Baudelaire: "Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes."

Vorticism, then, was a kind of classicism, a classicism shorn of the academic trappings which have so often trammelled its proponents since the

* Two numbers only: 1914 and 1915.

Renaissance revival of learning. Perhaps it would be simpler to call Vorticism an organised impulse to tidy things up, an aesthetic of the "turn-out" and the "spring-clean." The essence of this finds a pert and apt symbol in a free-verse poem BLESS THE HAIRDRESSER, appearing in the first number of *BLAST*:

BLESS THE HAIRDRESSER.

He attacks Mother Nature for a small fee.

Hourly he ploughs heads for sixpence,

Scours chins and lips for threepence.

He makes systematic mercenary war on this

WILDERNESS.

He trims aimless and retrograde growths

into CLEAN ARCHED SHAPES and ANGULAR

PLOTS.

This may seem an innocent piece of *jeu d'esprit*, but all Wyndham Lewis' future development has been in strict accordance with its thought. In 1927, under the title of *Time and the Western Man*, he published his attack on the Bergsonian philosophy of flux and its influence on the arts (impressionism, the inner monologue, and other subjective relativist conventions). A second broadside in a similar direction came in 1931 with *The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*, a scalding critique of literary satanism and amateur surrealist "automatic writing." Looking back on the period of *BLAST*, and speaking of T. E. Hulme and himself, Wyndham Lewis neatly summed up the preference and prejudices of his aesthetic. "We preferred," he wrote, "something more metallic and resistant than the pneumatic surface of the cuticle. We preferred a helmet to a head of hair, a scarab to a jelly-fish."

A logical extension of this attitude is Wyndham Lewis' predilection for the "Ho-ho-ness of things" (a spartan counter-part to the "Ah-ness of things," as the Japanese call "the melancholy inherent in animal life"). Such a preference helped to make him the powerful satirist that he was, and also accounts for the enmity with which his writings were often received in the years between the wars. *The Apes of God* (1930) is fictional flagellation at its best. Its victims are the crank camp-followers of art, literary exhibitionists, pigmies of the mind. Bloomsbury, however, detected its own features, and entered on a long vendetta of silence.

By 1937 Wyndham Lewis was admitting that he was thoroughly "bepoliticked," a state which continued to prevail till his death. What these politics were is hard to say—certainly in terms of existing British parties. A sentiment of being "agin the government" and agin most majority aims and view-points was a constant element in his make-up. Ideologies are never ideal, and in his novel *Revenge for Love* (1937) the types of dishonest Marxist intellectuals, then much in evidence, were scaldingly portrayed. The fact that this book appeared during the Spanish Civil War (part of its plot being set in Spain), and that its author had also written a study of Hitler in 1931, not entirely denunciatory in tone, gave some credence to those who denounced him as a fascist or a reactionary. A later semi-fictional political essay *Rotting Hill* (1951) goes far to clear him of this accusation. The book is a dialogue exposition of the pros and cons of Tory and Labour. Both sides come off remarkably badly (Soviet

Communism is likewise denounced). In view of his all-round disapproval, it seems better to describe Wynham Lewis as the voice of an eternal opposition. His method in argument was always one of provocation and retaliation. Add to this his admitted possession of a "tough" non-humanitarian eye which "does not soften what it sees," and we understand the dislike which sentimental thinkers entertain for most of his work.

In his recent fiction—*Rotting Hill, Self-condemned* (1954), and *The Red Priest* (1956)—he showed himself concerned with the Christian Church as a socially coherent and adhesive power. The Socialism of Western Europe he saw as the secular transformation of the Protestant chrysalis or pupa—the carry-on into civic life of its moral sense and passion. Yet for all his many-sided interest in things he knew and observed the limits of art. "A literature at the service of propaganda ceases to be art," he wrote in *Rotting Hill*; "it becomes an agent of intoxication and deception." His own writings were never party preachments. He sought to clarify and deepen those issues which practical politicians leave dark. It would perhaps be better to speak of him as a political analyst than as a one-man splinter party. Into the prosaic atmosphere and platitudinous world of British politics he brought an intellectual fire more Continental than Anglo-Saxon. In France he would, like Charles Maurras, presumably have gathered a party about him. In England he remained a lonely independent, a minority intelligence, a political gadfly.

Wyndham Lewis has called himself a "portmanteau-man" ("novelist, painter, sculptor, philosopher, draughtsman, critic, politician, journalist, essayist, pamphleteer"). This Renaissance breadth of activity and acquirement is rare in our increasingly specialised age. It is doubtful if we shall see its like again. Of his forty volumes much belongs to the literature of causes, the polemic of issues over and done. Yet even here we feel his force in the free-and-easy swing of his prose, its colloquial mastery and dynamic. Not without reason did Eliot describe him as the best journalist of our time. It is, however, chiefly in his novels—in *Tarr, The Apes of God, The Human Age* (1955) above all—that the finest effects of his style are to be found. Here, with great amassment of means, his satire breaks out in gigantic pyrotechnics, in a vast wide-ranging baroque of ridicule. Geoffrey Grigson has dubbed him master of "the controlled explosion and the steel edge," and those acquainted with the sinister mailed beauty of his paintings and drawings will accept this epithet. Despite the disposition of his gifts, his personality was all of a piece.

DEREK STANFORD

THE SECOND EMPIRE—III. DECLINE AND FALL

AT the close of the first decade of dictatorship clouds began to gather in the bright sky. The Prince Imperial was the joy of his father's life, but all pretence of affection between husband and wife had disappeared as one mistress after another was flaunted in her face. Prince Napoleon was a thorn in the flesh, and Princess Mathilde was rarely seen at Court. The death of Morny in 1865 was described by the British Ambassador as a great loss. Dictators are lonely men, and of his Ministers Persigny alone could be described as a friend. The prestige of the Empire received its

first shattering blow by the Mexican fiasco. Mexico, like other fragments of the Spanish Empire, had suffered a series of *pronunciamentos* since the Liberation, and in 1860 the vast and savage country was convulsed by the rivalry of two Presidents, Miramon, champion of the landed interests and the Church, and Juarez, standard-bearer of the workers and the anti-clericals. French investors had backed the wrong horse, for the loans to the former were repudiated by the winner. The Emperor and Empress took up their cause, a considerable French force was despatched under Bazaine, and Archduke Maximilian, brother of Francis Joseph, accepted an invitation to found a Catholic Empire in the New World, only to discover that he had no support. With the end of the Civil War in America the Monroe Doctrine—Hands off the New World!—came into play and France withdrew her troops. The luckless Maximilian, refusing to leave with them, was executed by Juarez, and his Belgian widow went out of her mind. The whole crazy structure had collapsed.

A second and hardly less spectacular loss of face occurred when Prussia drove Austria out of the German Confederation in 1866 and unified the north under her rule. Fearing that the French schemer might at any moment demand territorial compensation for his neutrality, as he fully intended to do, Bismarck made peace on the morrow of Sadowa which gave him all he needed for the moment, for he knew when to stop as well as when to strike. Though the Emperor understood the longing of Germans no less than Italians for a nation state, he had no wish to see his Prussian neighbour formidable enough to threaten the security of France; and he hoped to limit the process of aggrandisement by cultivating the South German states and by ending his feud with Vienna. Meanwhile domestic foes were growing in numbers and audacity. The veteran Thiers was back in the Chamber, Rochefort and Clemenceau were yapping at his heels, and the fiery young *méridional* Gambetta was thundering in the courts. Paris seemed to be tiring of the Second Empire as it had tired of the July Monarchy. No one was more aware of the chill in the atmosphere than the ruler himself. Another major shock, it was widely felt, might destroy the regime, and common sense should have taught him to play for safety. Convinced of the superiority of Prussian arms, confident of the military support of Saxony and the South German states, rightly counting on the neutrality of Russia, Austria and Italy, the Iron Chancellor steered towards a conflict which he openly confessed to be inevitable. From a distance, he declared, the Second Empire was something; seen at close quarters it was nothing. He had formed his impressions during his brief tenure of the Prussian Embassy in Paris.

Persigny, who understood his master best, almost broke his heart over the rapid decline of the Empire which he attributed to a lack of toughness. Without the extreme kindness which distinguished him, he writes in his Memoirs, this gentleness so attractive in a private citizen but so dangerous in a prince, he would not have had such Ministers or at any rate would not have let them abuse his consideration. "So it all goes back to his character. It is impossible not to love and respect him, but he lacks a quality essential to great princes—severity, the faculty to punish as well as to reward. To see him at close quarters, as simple and modest in his brilliant fortune as the least of his subjects, the perfect gentleman without a shadow of personal

pride or vanity, applying to every topic the greatest good sense, the most intrepid of men in moments of peril, it is impossible not to be charmed and conquered and one understands the grandeurs of his reign. But if one looks deeper into his nature and witnesses the strife between his reason and his kindly heart, one pities this prince, so generous, so indulgent, for being unable to punish those who deserve punishment. How easily this noble spirit can be the victim of intrigue! Hence his errors and weakness and frustrations at home and abroad. With such a prince surrounded by men of sincerity and conviction dedicated to a great cause, what lofty achievements would be possible we can judge by the beginning of the reign before intriguers discovered how far they could go with him and abuse his good faith. So kindly a prince ceased to be feared and selfish intriguers were assured of their victory in advance. He once said to me: Ah! Persigny, what a pity you are so angry. What a pity you are not, I replied. If you, like me, could not suppress your indignation against evil, injustice and intrigue, everyone would do his duty, which no one now does. Remember the wrath of Achilles. Why did not God give you this generous wrath which terrifies evildoers and rewards the good?"

Historians emphasise the ruler's waning health as a factor in the decline and fall of the Empire. In 1866 Metternich reported that he could neither walk nor sleep nor hardly eat, and in 1870 he was always in pain. He had never rationed his dissipations, and the torturing stone in the bladder weakened his grip. The acid test of statesmanship came in 1870 when Marshal Prim offered the vacant throne of Spain to Leopold, the younger son of Prince Antony, head of the South German branch of the Hohenzollerns. Carol, his elder brother, had been called to the Roumanian throne and proved an excellent ruler, and Leopold appeared a no less suitable choice for Spain. Scenting the outcry which the prospect of a Hohenzollern at Madrid was likely to provoke in France, and welcoming a pretext for a conflict, Bismarck secretly encouraged the candidature for which King William, as head of the House of Hohenzollern, manifested not the slightest enthusiasm. The Prince's acceptance produced the anticipated explosion, which in turn led to the withdrawal of the candidate who, like his father, had no desire to set the world alight. Any ruler with a grain of sense would have been content with his resounding diplomatic victory, but at this moment his waning sense of realities entirely deserted him. While King William was taking the waters at Ems the French Ambassador was instructed to extract a promise that Prince Leopold would decline any renewed offer of the Spanish throne. The old monarch courteously refused a demand which seemed uncalled for and humiliating, and when Benedetti asked for a second audience he was politely informed that he had nothing more to say. The calmly factual report to Bismarck by Abeken, the Foreign Office functionary on duty, known to all the world as the Ems telegram, was abridged—without altering a word—by the Chancellor in such a manner that it looked like an affront to the Ambassador and therefore to France and was promptly circulated to Prussia's representatives throughout Europe.

In Paris crowds surged along the boulevards shouting *à Berlin*, and the ailing Emperor allowed himself to be talked into a declaration of war. Among the voices raised in the Council for avenging a supposed insult was

that of the Empress, whose influence had increased after the birth of her son. She had acted as Regent during the war of 1859 and represented France with distinction at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. She always resented the charge that she was largely to blame for the catastrophe, indignantly denying that she had exclaimed *c'est ma petite guerre*. "Our army seemed to us invincible," she explained to Paléologue many years later, "and we counted on strong alliances." If there was some slight excuse for her on the ground that she was not properly informed, there is none for the Emperor who realised the unreadiness of France, the might of Prussia, and the extreme improbability of help from Austria or Italy. The war was lost before he left St. Cloud for the front. One evening he sent a message from Paris that he would be late for dinner and that the Empress and her guests should begin. When he appeared everyone stood up, two Generals raising their glasses of champagne and exclaiming *à Berlin!* "Messieurs, de grâce," was his sombre reply. "Priéz plutôt Dieu de protéger Paris." Ignoring Bismarck's maxim that politics are the art of the possible, he was doomed to pay the penalty. Francis Joseph had no stomach for a second round only four years after Sadowa, and why should Victor Emmanuel draw the sword for a ruler whose garrison in Rome barred the way to a completely united Italy? Though the French troops fought bravely, defeat followed defeat. Macmahon and Bazaine were no match for Moltke, and in little more than a month the stricken ruler, suffering agony when riding or driving, surrendered with 80,000 men. He had never lacked physical courage, and at Sedan he sought death by riding slowly along the line in the zone of fire. He passed the winter at the palace of Wilhelmshöhe near Cassel, once occupied by his uncle Jerome as King of Westphalia.

When the news of Sedan reached Paris a republic was proclaimed, for dictators, even when they style themselves emperors, never survive military defeat. The shattered Regent, in danger of her life, fled to Deauville in the carriage of the American dentist Dr. Evans and crossed the Channel, while General Trochu and Gambetta took over the national defence. The crowning disaster was the surrender of Bazaine with 180,000 men in beleaguered Metz, after which Paris was slowly starved and bombarded into surrender. The war was over but not the sufferings of the stricken city. The Communists seized control, burned the Tuileries, and were in turn mercilessly suppressed by the government of Thiers installed at Versailles. For two more years the fallen autocrat, now a mere shadow of his old self, lived quietly with his family at Chislehurst, visited by Queen Victoria and other old friends, watching with loving pride the growth to manhood of his devoted son. Occasionally he sought a brief change at Torquay, Brighton or Cowes. "I always found him simple and good, charitable and full of kindness," declared Eugénie afterwards. "He endured contradiction and calumny with admirable equanimity, and when disaster overwhelmed us he carried his stoicism and meekness to the point of sublimity. If you could have seen him during his last years at Chislehurst! Never one word of complaint, blame, or recrimination!"

Robert Sencourt, one of the best of his biographers, describes Napoleon III as "the modern Emperor," and Émile Ollivier's colossal apologia argues that "the liberal Empire" of his closing months was a *bona fide* experiment

though it was tried too late. The weightiest verdict has been pronounced in La Gorce's classical *Histoire du Second Empire*. The reign, he declares, was both brilliant and deadly, the ruler a mixture of Don Quixote and Machiavelli whom it is impossible to hate. He condemns the *coup* of 1851 and as a Catholic he censures the Italian policy of 1859. In 1870, he believes, France deserved to be beaten, but Prussia did not deserve to win. The demand for guarantees against the renewal of the Hohenzollern candidature was a fatal error. While rendering justice to the generous ideas, the personal charm and the humanity of the Emperor, he paints a dark picture of his work, and a reviewer commented that the book ought to kill Bonapartism. When all allowances are made, declares La Gorce, it stood for autocracy and war. "Splendours and misery: in these two words lie the history of the Second Empire." His latest biographer, Dr. Thompson, credits him with "the will to be great and the wish to do good; yet he was too small for the great things he set out to do." Queen Victoria rightly pronounced him "a very extraordinary man." Such people—half idealists, half men of action—rarely make satisfactory rulers, and dictators usually end by destroying themselves through military ambition or blind folly.

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

CENTRES OF HOPE IN WESTERN GERMANY

PERSEVERANCE in re-establishing a steadfast sense of values combined with diffidence as to the outcome, and fear of the gigantic forces mobilised in the present world, these were the dominant impressions gathered during a brief informal tour of educational centres and private homes in Germany last month. The writer, whose knowledge of the country extends over a period of fifty years, travelled at the request of former leaders of the pre-Hitler youth movements, now men at the head of colleges, firms and Government Departments. The resilience of the Germans used to be matched by their impressionability. But on the successive occasions that took the writer to their country since 1948 it has always seemed as though a certain maturing process was at work among the responsible sections of German society. "Leiden läutert das Herz"—"suffering cleanses the heart" sang Josef Weinheber, perhaps the most forceful of their modern poets. And that may be it. Men who have returned to their families after ten or eleven years in the torture camps of Russia, such as Vorkuta, unbroken in spirit, and with their ideals undimmed, have a right to claim our attention and respect. Among these there is no doubt as to the nature of Soviet arbitrariness and tyranny, nor as to the capacity of the common Russian people to endure suffering.

Many discussions turned on the relationship of Germany with her eastern neighbours. It was the nineteenth century which finally corrupted the ancient idea of responsibility towards the Slavs with the notion of *Macht-politik*, a policy exploited by Hitler with disastrous consequences. But it was Goethe's senior friend Herder who above all led the conception of cultural self-determination among the younger "nations," the Estonians, Letts, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Slovenes, etc., and made them conscious of

their languages, their legends, their songs and their identity. Wrestling with the aggressive views of post-Bismarckian imperialism, there were societies in Germany and Austria linked with the so-called "Volksdeutschen," (the ethnic minorities of German-speaking colonists scattered in every part of eastern Europe and far into the heart of Russia) whose constructive groping was towards a federal solution of a vast problem. Hermann Rauschning devoted a chapter of his wartime book *Make and Break with the Nazis* to this situation, and recently a remarkably just appraisal has come from the pen of Hermann Ullmann, lately on the staff of the Lutheran World Federation at Geneva, *Pioniere Europas, die volksdeutsche Bewegung und ihre Lehren?*

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The writer attended a conference at one centre concerned with these matters at a peoples' and youth college established on the hills west of the River Weser, where it winds down from Hamlin to the Porta Westfalica. Here is gathered the most extensive collection of data appertaining to the Eastern Zone probably available. Here young people of the two Zones meet for exchanges, and also to refresh themselves with musical and recreational exercises. It is typical of similar work being conducted in adult educational colleges and centres throughout the Federal Republic. In the heart of Hesse lies Fuersteneck. At Fulda nearby lies the shrine of Saint Boniface, the Wessex-born bishop who converted the Germans and whose organising powers proclaim him the greatest European of the eighth century. The upland country to the east was long under the jurisdiction of its abbot-bishops, and among a series of isolated basalt bluffs stands the castle of Fuersteneck. Outside the entrance a thousand-year-old lime tree, a "Gerichtslinde," seat of a local court of justice, thrusts its magnificently healthy arms. The castle was a few years ago converted by the architect Otto Bartning into a people's college (Heimvolkshochschule) one of forty-six residential establishments in Western Germany. The style of this remodelling is of singular attractiveness. It recalls the Musikheim (college of rhythmic arts) built by Bartning in 1929 at Frankfurt-on-Oder; but here modern devices and simplicity are fitted into immensely stout walls and towers. The place gives accommodation for forty students with bed-sitting-rooms, hall, library, refectory, workshops and farm. The writer found in progress an eight weeks' winter course for farmers' sons and daughters, the majority from Hesse, but a few from Scandinavian countries and Austria. These young people come of their own accord to lead a self-educative community life. European and world history is taught by the Warden; civics and local government by the local "Landrat" (clerk of

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ROLF GARDINER

UNTOUCHABILITY IN NIGERIA

OF all the tribes in Nigeria none are more democratic than the energetic and enterprising Ibo, who form the majority of the population of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, the land of creeks, mangrove swamps and palm groves. The original Ibo social system, uninfluenced by Europeans or other less democratic tribes, was so democratic that it was almost impossible to discover any chiefs. Yet law and order was maintained and a very considerable amount of communal work was accomplished. It would not be true to say that Ibo democracy functioned through chosen representatives of the people. The people literally ruled themselves. In an Ibo court of law, everybody spoke at once, or rather shouted. The general proceeding was much like a market quarrel or even a minor riot. Yet, sooner or later, a satisfactory decision was arrived at. In many cases the judges of a dispute were all the members of litigants' age grade. The following case which occurred in Oron, in the Calabar Province of Eastern Nigeria, shows that the tradition still survives, even among sophisticated Ibo used to British courts of law and native courts, based largely on British ideas of judicial procedure that are quite foreign to Ibo tradition. An Ibo clerk working at Oron had an extremely flighty wife. When his wife's unfaithfulness got quite beyond his control, he appealed to the older Ibo married women in the town who came from his part of Iboland. The old ladies assembled the other married women of the tribal group and called upon the erring young lady. They spoke to her very seriously and gave her to understand that if she did not stop her disgraceful behaviour they might find it necessary to take drastic punitive measures. She probably knew the traditions of her tribal group well enough to have some idea as to what these punitive measures might be. However, she did not reform, but continued to be a disgrace to her husband and the whole tribal group. Several warnings from her fellow married women did not produce any beneficial effect. The elderly ladies of the group, feeling that matters had

gone far enough, stripped her naked and annointed her private parts with ground pepper. The young husband returned from work to find his wife writhing in agony. Being a modern and, to some extent, emancipated from the cruder customs of the old days, he was horrified and indignant. After calling for a doctor, he reported the matter to the police and the ladies of the tribal group, who admitted what they had done and thought themselves fully within their rights, were convicted of criminal assault and fined heavily.

Even age did not carry the dignity and prestige that it does in most primitive communities. An Ibo father was no patriarch. If he went to beat a son aged say sixteen to eighteen, he was just as likely to be resisted with a cutlass as not. Such authority as was exercised over children was exercised by their age group and not by the parents. Ibo children still have the reputation of being more cheeky and independent than children of other tribes of the same age; yet in Lagos, where all tribes mingle and the problem of juvenile delinquency is a considerable one, there is less delinquency among Ibo children than in any other tribal group. What could be more paradoxical than to find among these highly democratic people an ancient institution of the most highly undemocratic kind, strongly reminiscent of the Indian caste system with its "untouchability"? There is a depressed class in Ibo society called "Osu." They are the slaves of the gods. In the old days a freeborn Ibo would present one of the gods with a slave as a thanks-offering or as a bribe to persuade the god to render him some special service. This slave would not be killed as a sacrifice but would be dedicated to the service of the god. These servants of the gods are called "Osu" and they practically form a caste that is segregated from the freeborn community. Freeborns will not eat with them or intermarry with them, and in some Ibo villages it is considered outrageous for a freeborn man to have sexual intercourse with an "Osu" woman. For an "Osu" man to have intercourse with a freeborn woman would be as shattering a scandal as for a negro man to have intercourse with a white woman in the American Deep South and, in the old days at least, the result would be equally violent. "Osus" are not only shunned, to some extent they are feared. To the mind of the conservative Ibo there is something uncanny about an "Osu." He is not really a living person. He has been sacrificed to a god, and technically he is dead. Whether, being sacrificed to the god, he has his throat cut or remains alive to serve the god in this world, technically he is in the same position. He is no longer a denizen of this world. He is a sort of ghost. Although an "Osu" may do such jobs as do not interfere with his sacredotal duties and may acquire property and farm a piece of land, he or she is not able to contract a legal marriage. All offspring of "Osu" women are the result of unregulated intercourse between "Osu." Ordinary slaves could purchase their freedom or be given it gratis by their masters or mistresses, but there is no way by which an "Osu" may gain his or her freedom.

Of course since Nigeria became a British Protectorate slavery was abolished. That is to say slave dealing was abolished by proclamation in 1901, but in the same year the House Rule Proclamation gave "Heads of Houses" powers over their House members which amounted, to all intents and purposes, to a legalised form of slavery. A "House" was defined

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The Ibo are not and never have been a political entity. They are merely a language group and speak many dialects of the same language. There are over four million of them scattered over the greater part of the Eastern Region of Nigeria and in parts of the Western Region on the west bank of the River Niger. Naturally custom varies in different parts of Iboland. In some parts the discrimination against "Osu" is more rigid than in others, and in some the influence of education and modern ideas has modified the attitude towards "Osus" considerably. But, by and large, the institution of "Osu" still exists in the greater part of Iboland. As the Ibo are by nature a progressive people, anxious not to be left behind in the march of social progress, this custom of treating "Osu" as outcasts constitutes a serious problem in Iboland to-day. For some years among educated and enlightened Ibo there has been a fairly strong campaign to educate their less enlightened fellow-tribesmen out of this anti-social custom, and some of the stronger-minded leaders live and eat with "Osu" and even marry them in order to break the power of this evil custom by force of example. The government of the Eastern Region at last decided to deal with the problem by legislation. It was not an easy decision, as was made clear when the bill dealing with the problem was debated in the House of Assembly. Some members felt strongly that a custom so deeply ingrained in the Ibo social system and going back to time immemorial could only be abolished gradually, as a result of the spread of enlightenment, when it would no longer be compatible with the moral and social feelings of the community. Those who felt that way also felt that legislation would only stir the intensely conservative into stubborn resistance. After all, you cannot force a man to marry his daughter to an "Osu," any more than you can force a girl to accept an "Osu" suitor. You cannot even force people to invite "Osu" or anybody else to private social functions. Some time last year the Eastern Regional Government set up a committee to advise on the question of "bride price" in the local marriage system and also to advise on the abolition of the institution of "Osu." After hearing evidence and advice and the views of the leaders of the community in various parts of the country, it advised that the "Osu" system be abolished by legislation. The Government accepted this advice.

When the Eastern House of Assembly met in March last year it passed a law to abolish the "Osu" system and all other systems of social disability. The reason for the words "all other systems of social disability" was because in some parts of the country the system exists under different names and with some variety in custom. The new law utterly abolishes the

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Of course since Nigeria became a British Protectorate slavery was abolished. That is to say slave dealing was abolished by proclamation in 1901, but in the same year the House Rule Proclamation gave "Heads of Houses" powers over their House members which amounted, to all intents and purposes, to a legalised form of slavery. A "House" was defined

in the law as a group of persons subject by native law and custom to the control, authority and rule of a chief known as the "Head of the House." This proclamation was repealed in 1914, since when slavery in any shape or form has been outlawed in Nigeria. Since that date the ordinary slave has been absorbed into the freeborn community without any difficulty. Not so the "Osu." By and large, the social discrimination against the "Osu" has remained unimpaired. But "Osus" have risen in the world in spite of the discrimination. Some have become schoolmasters, parsons, Government clerks, even senior civil servants, lawyers and doctors. But however high an "Osu" might rise he could not marry a freeborn girl, and he tended to be shunned socially by the freeborn members of the community.

The Ibo are not and never have been a political entity. They are merely a language group and speak many dialects of the same language. There are over four million of them scattered over the greater part of the Eastern Region of Nigeria and in parts of the Western Region on the west bank of the River Niger. Naturally custom varies in different parts of Iboland. In some parts the discrimination against "Osu" is more rigid than in others, and in some the influence of education and modern ideas has modified the attitude towards "Osus" considerably. But, by and large, the institution of "Osu" still exists in the greater part of Iboland. As the Ibo are by nature a progressive people, anxious not to be left behind in the march of social progress, this custom of treating "Osu" as outcasts constitutes a serious problem in Iboland to-day. For some years among educated and enlightened Ibo there has been a fairly strong campaign to educate their less enlightened fellow-tribesmen out of this anti-social custom, and some of the stronger-minded leaders live and eat with "Osu" and even marry them in order to break the power of this evil custom by force of example. The government of the Eastern Region at last decided to deal with the problem by legislation. It was not an easy decision, as was made clear when the bill dealing with the problem was debated in the House of Assembly. Some members felt strongly that a custom so deeply ingrained in the Ibo social system and going back to time immemorial could only be abolished gradually, as a result of the spread of enlightenment, when it would no longer be compatible with the moral and social feelings of the community. Those who felt that way also felt that legislation would only stir the intensely conservative into stubborn resistance. After all, you cannot force a man to marry his daughter to an "Osu," any more than you can force a girl to accept an "Osu" suitor. You cannot even force people to invite "Osu" or anybody else to private social functions. Some time last year the Eastern Regional Government set up a committee to advise on the question of "bride price" in the local marriage system and also to advise on the abolition of the institution of "Osu." After hearing evidence and advice and the views of the leaders of the community in various parts of the country, it advised that the "Osu" system be abolished by legislation. The Government accepted this advice.

When the Eastern House of Assembly met in March last year it passed a law to abolish the "Osu" system and all other systems of social disability. The reason for the words "all other systems of social disability" was because in some parts of the country the system exists under different names and with some variety in custom. The new law utterly abolishes the

"Osu" system and, to quote from the Bill, "Anyone who is an 'Osu' on the date of the commencement of the law, his children, his children's children to the end of time, become free of this social stigma. Who ever prevents any person from exercising any right, such as marriage, the acquisition or inheritance of any property, the joining of title societies, the observance of any social custom, usage or ceremony accruing to him by reason of the abolition of this system is guilty of an offence and, upon conviction, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £50 or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months." The law imposes the same penalty on "anyone who molests, injures, annoys, obstructs, or causes or attempts to cause obstruction to any person in the exercise of any such right, or molests, injures, annoys, or boycotts any person by reason of his having exercised any such right; or by words, either spoken or written, or by visible representation or otherwise, incites or encourages any person or class of persons or the public generally to practice the 'Osu' system in any form." There are still remote parts of Iboland where this law, when they hear of it, will be met with surprise and indignation. In such villages, especially in the Ogoja Province, and between Enugu and the northern border of the Eastern Region, far from main roads, cut off from the rest of the world, life still goes on much as it did long before Christianity, the white man and the internal combustion engine were heard of in West Africa. This, of course, applies to the few isolated areas where Mission influence has not even yet penetrated. Such areas may be few and far between, but they still exist. But as new roads are being opened up to motor transport and the ubiquitous bicycle goes everywhere, such areas are gradually being brought into the common stream of life. The vast majority of Ibo are on the move and determined to be behind no other people in progress and enlightenment. Education is spreading rapidly. Universal, free, primary education is being introduced into the Region this year and adult literacy campaigns are sweeping the country. Enlightened Ibo opinion is determined to wipe out the social stigma of the "Osu" system. Last month in the Owerri Province someone was prosecuted under the new law for calling a prominent member of the community an "Osu." He was tried in the magistrate's court, found guilty and sentenced to a fine of £25 or, in default, to serve three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

J. V. CLINTON

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FINLAND TODAY

IN the West the superficial knowledge of Finland is restricted to three names—Nurmi, Sibelius, Mannerheim; to the acknowledgment that it has the habit of paying its debts to the great powers, in full and in time; and to a feeling of admiration originating from the Winter War of 1940-41 when the small Finn David stood up courageously to the Soviet Goliath. Many people also remember that the former name of Helsinki, the capital, was Helsingfors which brings up historical associations with Sweden. And finally there is the realisation that—contrary to the three hapless Baltic States—Finland succeeded in escaping from becoming a part of the Soviet

Union; moreover, she is not even a satellite, but fully independent, although she lost the last war against the Soviet Union. There stands on a square in Helsinki a monument of a Russian Tsar who was a "good" Grand Duke of Finland; but Russian influence is non-existent. Russian is not taught in schools. Nobody speaks Russian. Between the two wars the foremost foreign language was German; now it is English. Only about five per cent. of the population are of Swedish race and speak Swedish—a remnant of the days when Finland was part of the Swedish Empire and when sturdy Finnish soldiers fought the battles for conquering Swedish kings and generals.

Finnish is the language of the Finns. It is an Ugro-Finn language, connected in Europe only with Estonian and Hungarian, not counting some small groups on the shore of the Baltic Sea who speak similar dialects. Lapps were the original inhabitants of Finland, but were driven—two thousand years ago—to behind the Arctic Circle by the robust Finns who had come from Asia. Finns are no Scandinavians, they are of no Teuton origin; neither are they Slavs. They are proud—and justly—to be what they are: Finns. The men and women are fair, tall, blue-eyed and straightforward. Finnish women are often exceptionally beautiful, as witnessed by their successes in international beauty competitions. Their educational standard is high, even compared with the high level of the neighbouring Scandinavian countries: there is no—or hardly any—illiteracy. This is a great achievement if one considers that a country the size of England is populated by 5 million people only which means that many a village or hamlet is off the beaten track. The press and the book trade are thriving. "We Finns are great readers," I was told in Helsinki. It is a country of lakes. How many lakes? No one seems to know for certain, but the estimate goes as high as 50,000. These lakes were certainly responsible for the build-up of the institution of "sauna," the Finnish bath. Without "saunas" Finland would not be Finland. When a Finnish peasant settles down he builds his wooden "sauna" on the lake even before his dwelling house. Finland is also a country of forests. Forests give timber, and timber gives newsprint—one of the most important exports; also one of the reasons why the Finns are such "great readers."

How is it that a country, geographically situated as it is in a north-eastern corner of Europe, is so closely connected with the West and so western in character? It is because the eyes of the Finns have always been turned towards the West, even during their union with Tsarist Russia. Technical achievements of Europe and America are being adopted with speed and efficiency. Helsinki's tall buildings could just as well stand in any other western capital. Life is comfortable. Shops are full. Industries of consumer goods are flourishing and show a high standard. People are well dressed, and the food—as in other parts of northern Europe—excellent. The Finnish equivalent for schnapps or vodka is called *koskenkorva*. But contrary to other European Northerners the Finns have no particular liking for spirits. They adore milk and drink it with their lunch and dinner. Behind the Arctic Circle there are small townships which are now rapidly transformed into tourist centres, where the hotels can compete with Switzerland. In a state hotel in Rovaniemi, a small Lapp

town—it can be reached from Helsinki in 3½ hours by Finnair plane—I had food as good as in Paris but much cheaper, and a room at least as good as in a first class Central European place. Through the huge windows of the dining room I could see an Arctic river flowing by, and on it timber going down to sawmills night and day. Night? It was late summer, and when the time of sunset came the sun would not set. The sun was there on the edge of the horizon in red glory, and it stayed there all night, thus creating the unforgettable impression of midnight sun. But there were no reindeer in the streets of Rovaniemi, only American cars. And Lapps? It is not easy to find them. There are too few, only several thousand. The Government does its best to preserve them, but they are dying out, like the American Red Indians and the aborigines of Japan.

In 1956 the Russians returned the Porkkala base which they had occupied since the end of the last war, a base dangerously close to the capital, a pistol aimed at Helsinki. The war reparations to the Soviet Union have been paid. Finland is free and feels free. But Karelia has been lost to the victors and this hurts. The Finns consider this former province of their country as very Finnish. However, being realists, they think and act realistically: there is no irredenta. Only if in cinemas the screen version of Väinö Linna's war novel ("Tuntomaton Sotilas") is shown the audiences are spellbound. This book—and film—is an epic of Finland's fight against the powerful eastern neighbour, a native Iliad of the Winter War and the Second World War. It shows an unbelievable heroism of a people like that of their cousins in race and language the Hungarians. The feeling of admiration for heroism overcomes one again when visiting the war cemetery in Helsinki, with thousands and thousands of tiny, beautifully kept, graves. They surround the national shrine of a great leader, Marshal Mannerheim. Nonagenarian Sibelius has been given a monument while he is still with us; and the loveliest public park in Helsinki is called Sibelius Park. A visit to the 1952 Olympic Stadium in the capital recalls the great achievements of the Finns in sport. They look to the future and care particularly for children. There is a children's hospital in Helsinki and next to it an orphan's home which are both—architecturally, medically and educationally—true examples of Finnish efficiency, intelligence and art. One must like the Finns very much. They are sincere and honest; well-educated and good-looking; clean in body and soul; polite and intelligent. They have good writers: Sillanpää was a Nobel prize winner; Mika Wlatari's "Sinuhe, the Egyptian" gained popularity all over the world. Their great national poet was Aleksis Kivi. Their national epic is *Kalevala*, a collection of runes, reflecting the primeval Finnish belief in magic.

Finland has been independent from the end of 1917. Before that she had a personal union with Russia. Before the war of 1808-9, the centuries old union with Sweden was in existence. Despite their history the Finns succeeded in preserving their national character; although modern Finland is a very young democracy—one of the youngest in the world—it is a genuine democracy. Finland is a country of peasants mostly, of small-holders; and peasants rule this country of peasants. They have been living there for two thousand years—on their lakes, in their forests, now also in modern cities. Their folk songs—often in minor key—are very beautiful,

their national costumes attractive. They are only a few million, but they are strong and love freedom. A leading Bolshevik said in 1917: "We had better give the Finns independence, otherwise we shall always need one armed Russian to watch one Finn." They have done well since their independence, and a visit to their country creates in one the feeling that the world would be a better place if other countries were populated by people like the Finns. If one is musical one does not need to go to Finland to experience this: Finland's past and present are all there in Sibelius' symphony *Finlandia*.

SIMON WOLF

A VISIT TO NEPAL

THIS year, if all goes well in Nepal, the frontiers of democratic government will be extended almost to within hailing distance of Mount Everest. The first popular, or for that matter any kind of elections in Nepal, are due to be held by October at the latest to select 100 members for a National Assembly. This will replace the existing system of government which for all practical purposes amounts to direct rule by a nominated cabinet of eleven members. No one even remotely conversant with the prevailing social and economic conditions in Nepal is likely to harbour any delusions about the magnitude of the task ahead. The question most frequently asked is, in fact, whether a small, still feudal Himalayan kingdom with no democratic or political traditions can reshape its entire way of life overnight, as it were, and cast it in the mould of the twentieth century. In other words, will democracy work?

Until 1950, when the Ranas, hereditary Prime Ministers and absolute rulers for more than a century, were overthrown by revolution Nepal kept strictly aloof from the outer world. No roads and no airline traversed the Himalayan barrier that divides it from India. There was only one way of getting to Khatmandu and that was by trekking. As many as 200 porters were needed to carry, say, a Model T Ford across the mountains—and there are a surprising number of Model T's to be seen to this day, noisily honking their way through the narrow streets of Khatmandu. There have been changes during the past five years. Perhaps the most significant is that Khatmandu no longer bars its gates to the foreigner; nowadays travel agents send plane loads of sightseers from all parts of the world. The whirr of the ciné camera deep among the temples and shrines of Bhadgaon, or the spectacle of steaming Tin Lizzies, laden to the gunwales with American tourists, clattering along the dusty, pot-holed road that leads towards Namche Bazaar and Everest, no longer attracts much notice except from a growing corps of professional beggars. Even by Asian standards Nepal is a desperately poor country. Through the force of circumstances that have endured for centuries the wants of its eight million inhabitants are perforce few and easily satisfied. The basic ones are reflected in the blessing called down upon the Kings of Nepal by the Hindu priesthood at the time of their coronation which reads: "In thy kingdom may the Brahmins be intelligent and wise; the warriors brave and accomplished bowmen; may cows give large quantities of milk, the bull carry great weight; may horses be fast and wives chaste; may rainfall be seasonal, medicines

effective and may everyone be able to earn his livelihood. May thy sons be brave, victorious, good charioteers and worthy of sitting in Councils of men." Last year I was present in the Hanuman Dhoka, the ancient royal palace in the heart of the old city of Khatmandu when such a benediction was invoked upon King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah, the new sovereign, at his Coronation. It was a solemn moment and possibly an auspicious one in the history of Nepal. As the first Nepalese monarch in modern times to succeed to the substance, as opposed to the shadow, of power he has already signified his resolve to wield it to promote the welfare of his people. This year's elections are but the first step. In their wake must follow a vast programme of social, economic and administrative reform. Few other nations in modern times have had to tackle so formidable a task with such meagre resources and lack of experience. In Nepal, not only the structure of democracy has yet to be created but the very foundations on which it must rest.

Irrespective of the amount of intelligence and wisdom with which the Gods may endow the Brahmins, the fact remains that not everyone is able to earn his livelihood in Nepal to-day. And whether rainfall is seasonal or not there will still exist as there always has existed, poverty and want, hunger and hardship. They are inevitable in a country so deficient in natural wealth. In the whole of Nepal there are fewer than 1,500 schools, no more than 40 hospitals and only 200 doctors. Malaria alone takes an annual toll of 35,000 lives. What few hundred miles of motorable roads there are exist mainly in the Valley of Nepal. It has been estimated that if the northern frontiers were invaded by the Chinese, news of the occurrence, depending on where it was, might take three weeks to reach Khatmandu. Undoubtedly the greatest weakness in the mechanics of Nepalese government is the administrative one and it is apparent at nearly all levels. It is not so much a question of corruption, though that exists, as of incompetence. There are no firm rules of business and few officials with any clearly defined function or authority. These are shortcomings which one is only too likely to learn in the course of one morning's tramp round the gloomy corridors of the Foreign Office or indeed any Ministry in Khatmandu. There is no routine system of obtaining or recording information and no statistics on which the future policy or actions of the government might conceivably be based. The national income of Nepal is not known with any degree of accuracy but it is probably not a great deal more than that of some English county councils. A budget was introduced for the first time only four years ago. Its value remains doubtful because there is no reliable record of income or expenditure. More often than not in recent years the Nepalese Treasury has been empty. Were it not for the aid received from India and the United States conditions would be a great deal worse than they are.

These deficiencies are among the more serious of the many that have almost continually engaged the personal attention of the King since his accession. In the past year he has frequently spent fourteen hours a day at his desk. The reforms he has already initiated include the drafting of a Five Year Plan and the appointment of a Planning Commission to execute it. The land system has been reformed to bridge the gap between the affluent landlords and the peasants. A State Bank has been created; the

entire administration, both central and district, is now in the process of being reorganised. Distinct classes of civil servants did not exist in Nepal until last year. Under a new scheme civil service cadres have now been defined and classified and scales of pay laid down for them. Finally, the reign of King Mahendra is already noteworthy for two major developments in the field of external relations. One is the admission of Nepal to UNO and the other the establishment of diplomatic relations with Communist China.

Although India has succeeded Britain as the protecting power the stability of Nepal, political and otherwise, is still a matter of vital interest to the Commonwealth. Apart from strong traditional ties of friendship, the principal reason is that Britain still obtains anything up to 10,000 of her finest troops, the Gurkhas, from western Nepal. Originally there were ten regiments of Gurkhas in the Imperial forces but India inherited six on the transfer of power in 1947. It cannot be taken for granted that the future of the remaining four now based in Malaya is assured for all time. The tide of nationalism flowing strongly in most corners of Asia has not bypassed Nepal. The Prime Minister, Tanka Prasad Acharya, recently told me that there was no certainty that the agreement allowing Britain to recruit Gurkhas would be renewed. "In principle I think it is a bad thing for Nepalese to serve as mercenaries in foreign armies," he remarked. Yet in spite of these sentiments—which are becoming increasingly commonplace among a politically conscious minority—there is little immediate danger of the recruiting agreement being summarily ended. Gurkha soldiers still provide one of Nepal's main sources of income as they have done for generations. The economy and livelihood of whole villages and districts in the hills often depend to a large extent on the earnings, remittances and pensions which the army provides. Veterans with forty and more years' service are frequently encountered in Khatmandu where they travel several times a year from their villages to collect their pensions. For some, the double journey involves a six weeks' trek over the hills.

Whatever else Nepal may lack there is no shortage of politicians and political parties. No one knows the exact number but it has been estimated that there are at least two dozen political parties in existence of which no more than six merit serious consideration. It is between these that the battle for supremacy will be waged in the forthcoming elections. The party now in power, that of the Prime Minister, is the Praja Parishad. Formed in 1936 it is the oldest and probably also the most respected political organisation in the country. The Nepali Congress is generally considered to be the largest party and more than any other it was the one responsible for the overthrow of the Ranas though the Praja Parishad also played a notable part in the same coup. Both are Left inclined and pursue a Socialist policy usually described as middle-of-the-road, at any rate in theory. At the opposite extreme is the Gurkha Parishad, essentially Right wing and essentially also the party of the Ranas. Like most Nepalese political parties it lays claim to half a million members and a national following but this is doubtful to say the least. Not all of the Ranas by any means fled Nepal after the revolution. Many of the gleaming white palaces dotted about Khatmandu are still occupied by Ranas though many more have become government offices. Whatever party attains power it is hardly

likely to be Gurkha Parishad, even making allowances for its superior resources. The Communist Party, a stereotyped model of the Chinese rather than the Soviet brand of Communism is still less likely to succeed despite its appeal to the underdog. From 1951 until a few months ago it was completely banned for subversive activities. Possibly no single party will succeed to power in Nepal this year. If, as seems likely, government by a coalition results from the elections this would be in accordance with the present political trend in Nepal where parties split and unite, group and re-group, even within themselves, with bewildering frequency.

G. F. EVANS

THE CROWN IN POLITICS

THE survival of the royal prerogative of nominating the Prime Minister, illustrated so dramatically by the appointment of Mr. Macmillan and the passing over of Mr. Butler in January, seems to have come as a surprise to some quarters in this country. It had, apparently, been widely assumed that the functions of the Crown are now merely ceremonial, that the sovereign is just the automatic instrument of the Government in power. In the absence of a written constitution the Queen had to base her actions on the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden on precedent. Similarly, the Labour critics of the Crown—or rather, technically, of the Conservative Party for not having immediately elected a new leader—based themselves on precedent. The Labour Party would have wished the Conservatives to have followed the example of 1922, when Bonar Law refused acceptance of a summons to the Palace until he had been formally elected Leader of the Conservative Party. Bonar Law's caution was not surprising in view of the completely unusual situation caused by the break-up of Lloyd George's coalition government and the—for some Conservatives at any rate—rather painful return to party government. In January 1957 the Conservatives preferred to follow the closer precedent of 1923, when the party leadership was left vacant after Bonar Law's resignation from the premiership owing to ill-health, pending the King's decision on his successor as head of the Government. Thus, while all concerned accept the necessity of basing themselves on precedent, the wide field from which the precedents can be selected accounts for the fact that a variety of the most contradictory conclusions can be reached.

It was the Prince Consort who established that vital principle of our constitutional monarchy, its impartiality. The Crown had failed, in the years immediately following the Great Reform Act of 1832, to adjust itself to the changed position in which the vote of the nation as expressed in a general election was bound to be decisive for the formation of a Government. Perhaps it was too much to expect William IV to make the necessary mental adjustment around the age of seventy. Whatever one may think of his "dismissal" of Melbourne in 1834, his whole attitude to the Government and to the parties was an anachronism. He allowed his personal and political likes and dislikes to influence his decisions as King.

Queen Victoria bore her uncle little love. Though her accession in 1837 largely marked a complete breach with the Hanoverian era, she did not

immediately abandon her family's habit of looking on her ministers as her own personal servants. She was, at the beginning of her reign, pro-Whig where her recent predecessors had tended to gravitate to Toryism. In one respect, however, this was very Hanoverian, as it reflected the traditional hostility of one generation to another. The young Queen leant heavily on the Whigs and particularly on the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, who acted as a kind of Private Secretary to her. She did not look forward to the prospect of having Tory ministers. Thus, when Lord Melbourne's Government resigned after narrowly avoiding defeat in the House of Commons in 1839, she allowed the negotiations with Sir Robert Peel for a Tory Government to fail over the "Bedchamber question," and the Whigs returned to power.

The decisive difference made by Prince Albert is seen in his disposal of the difficulty of this question of appointments to the Royal Household soon after his marriage to the Queen in 1840. A tentative compromise was arranged between the Prince and Sir Robert Peel concerning Household appointments, to assure a smooth transition of government in case the Tories came to power. This compromise was put into effect in September 1841, when Peel formed a Government on the defeat of the Whigs in the House of Commons over a vote of no confidence. Accordingly to the arrangement made he was able to prevent any important Household appointment politically obnoxious to the Government without hurting the Queen's feelings. The difference between his failure to form a Government in 1839 and his success in 1841 is a measure of the Prince Consort's achievement. It marked the transition from partially personal to truly constitutional monarchy. However much else may have changed since the two decades of Prince Albert's activity as Prince Consort and as a kind of high level Private Secretary to the Queen, what has remained unchanged is the exclusive royal prerogative of appointing the Prime Minister. The Prince, with his methodical German mind, regularised the whole procedure and provided much useful guidance for later generations of monarchs by keeping memoranda of interviews. After the split in the Tory Party over the repeal of the Corn Laws, the firm lines of a two-party system became blurred. As a result the Prince and the Queen often had to conduct long and intricate negotiations before a Government could be formed.

By the time of the Prince Consort's death in 1861 the Crown's impartiality had been firmly established. If the Queen after her husband's death occasionally allowed personal and political dislikes to get the better of her constitutional impartiality, this was an exception due to singular circumstances, which could not put the clock back. In many ways, though with a completely different temperament from his father and from different motives, Edward VII returned to his father's impartiality and to the principle of keeping the Crown above politics. At the same time, even if he had inherited his father's capacity for hard work, he could not have hoped to have achieved his parents' influence on the course of events. Having unfortunately been largely kept out of the conduct of affairs by his jealous mother, it was impossible for him after his accession at the age of nearly sixty to have taken her minute interest in every Foreign Office despatch and every appointment. In any case, in the changed conditions of the twentieth century, with the growing influence of public opinion and with

events moving at an ever increasing speed, Cabinets were bound to object to excessive supervision by the Crown.

It was during the reign of George V that several crises came to a head which necessitated the frequent use of the royal prerogative in ways going beyond the merely formal. Almost immediately after his accession in 1910, the King was put in an embarrassing position by Mr. Asquith when the Liberal Prime Minister extracted from the King, by means of the threat of resignation, a promise to "pack" the House of Lords if it refused to pass the Parliament Bill limiting its powers. The crisis had arisen originally owing to the unprecedented rejection of a Budget by the House of Lords. The pledge the King was asked to give was contingent on the success of the Government's appeal to the electorate over the Parliament Bill. George V, who had unfortunately not been briefed properly by his father on the earlier stages of the Government's conflict with the House of Lords and on his negotiations with the Prime Minister, decided in the light of the information then at his disposal that he had to give the pledges. Otherwise he would have been faced with the resignation of the Government and the possibility of the Crown being involved in public controversy. He was, however, rightly worried whether contingent promises were either constitutionally proper or fair to the Conservatives. The present writer feels that no Government should have put the Crown in a dilemma of this kind. Actually this particular problem of "packing" the Lords—which in the event did not have to be put into practice—is not likely to arise again, owing to the reduced power of the Upper House.

George V also had to exercise the prerogative of granting an early dissolution to an almost newly elected House of Commons to the Labour Government in 1924. The prerogative of dissolving Parliament is not, however, likely to cause any friction in the future, as it is now recognised that the Crown cannot very well refuse a dissolution requested by the Government. The field in which George V made the most interesting use of the prerogative from the point of view of later developments was over the appointment of Prime Ministers. Several situations arose during his reign in which it was not at all easy to see who should be asked to form a Government. Thus the King had to decide between Lord Curzon and Stanley Baldwin in 1923. He opted for Baldwin as he considered that peers could no longer be Prime Ministers.

An even more complex situation arose when the minority Labour Government of Ramsay MacDonald, which had governed with Liberal support, resigned in August 1931 over its inability to take firm measures to save the currency. Doubts have been expressed in Socialist quarters about the constitutionality of the King's appeal to the outgoing Prime Minister to head a "National Government" to deal with the financial crisis. The critics consider that the King's action contributed materially to the split in the Labour Party which weakened it for many years after. In this grave situation, however, the King could not think in terms of the fate of any particular party. He was concerned exclusively with getting a strong Government to deal with the crisis. In defending the King, some writers have pleaded that he personally took no initiative and merely carried out the advice received from the party leaders. To the present writer this seems rather a sorry argument. Constitutionally, the King ceases to have

any responsible advisers on the resignation of a Government. Naturally, he seeks informal advice, but the decision he eventually makes is his exclusive responsibility. Surely, the Crown will always be respected for its decision by any fair-minded person as long as it continues to observe the impartiality for which it has become renowned in this century all over the world.

FRANK EYCK.

PILGRIMAGE TO DELPHI

EARLY one spring morning we left Patras for Delphi, the ancient home of Apollo, god of the sun. We crossed from Rion to Antirion in the great ferry steamer, and then drove along the coast of the Gulf of Corinth, through cultivated country where women were bent over their work in the fields with their patient mules beside them. Vast olive groves and trees laden with ripe oranges and lemons covered the land. The way became steeper and steeper as we drove further inland, and soon we were in a bewildering maze of mountains which seemed to touch the sky. We zig-zagged up steep precipices, past rushing waterfalls, threading our way through gorges, and over bridges so narrow that it seemed impossible that we could get across, but manoeuvred carefully and slowly along by our skilful Greek driver we safely reached the other side. The landscape became wilder and wilder. Snow-capped mountains loomed up before us, savage and frightening in their fierce grandeur. It was difficult to believe that there could be any human habitation in that vast panorama of mountain ranges.

Mount Parnassus, the highest peak in Greece, sacred to the god Apollo, drew us on and on, and yet seemed ever to elude us, as we wound our way round about and in and out. For one fleeting moment we caught sight of the lower ridge on which is perched the modern village of Delphi, or Kastri as it is now called. Soon we began to climb Mount Parnassus itself, on whose sheer mountain side, on rocky terraces, is the whole of Delphi—ancient and modern. Miraculously we had come out of a strange, turbulent, frightening stillness into a stillness of infinite peace. We were in the modern village of Delphi, built in 1892 by the French government to house the population from the village beneath which the ancient temple area had been buried. It is a long narrow village, consisting mainly of three parallel streets, one above the other, with vast mountain ranges on the far side of a deep valley and forests of grey olive trees through which runs the silent River Pleistos like a yellow thread, and to the west, some thousand feet below, the lights of the little harbour town of Itea twinkle like glow-worms through the night. There are no houses down in the valley. The people toil from dawn to dusk, going slowly up and down the stony tracks to cultivate and harvest their crops, the women wearing black scarves on their heads and across their mouths. Each morning is heralded by the sound of tinkling bells as the mules collect in the street for the day's work, and at night the same gently tinkling bells announce their return, laden with produce from the fields. When the women are not in the fields, or in their houses, they sit outside on benches or chairs with their spinning distaffs and occasionally one of them, still holding her distaff, strolls across the street and brings out her babies. A child wanders down the street with a goat,

or a sheep, on a lead tinkling its little bell; another shyly offers a little bunch of flowers to the foreigner, delighted when given a few sweets in return.

A wide road, white in the gleaming sunshine, leads past the museum to the foot of Mount Parnassus. The museum is an ugly building of white concrete, in which are six halls full of the most beautiful collection of sculpture, found in the area during the excavations by the French School of Archaeology. The magnificent Bronze Charioteer of the early fifth century is there, all that remains of the original group which consisted of a chariot, four horses, and attendants, with the patron standing by his driver. The charioteer stands with his right arm curved, holding in his hands the reins, with his keen eyes fixed on his horses. He wears a robe which falls straight from neck to ankle, skilfully draped at the chest and shoulders. To the ancient Greeks bronze sculpture was the highest form of plastic art and this charioteer and the bronze Zeus in Athens are the only two original masterpieces which still exist. Elsewhere in the museum are some remarkable archaic statues, including the Sphinx of Naxos, a winged monster, half woman half beast, and the statues of two young athletes, the brothers Cleobis and Biton, whose mother, a priestess of Hera, asked the goddess to give them perfect happiness. In answer to her prayer they both fell asleep and died. Near the entrance to the museum is an entrancing little figure of a smiling child with curly hair, holding up the draperies of her robe in her left hand. Again and again this little figure drew us back to her: she was so young and looked so wise. From the terrace of the museum there is a superb view of Delphi with its olive trees and woods. Above the sacred precinct of the god rise massive rocks, the Phaedriades or Shining Ones, with Rhodini on one side, and on the other Phlemboukos, the ancient Hyampeia, from which the sacrilegious were hurled to their doom. From the huge chasm between these great rocks rushes the Castalian Spring. Here in ancient days the pilgrims purified themselves before entering Apollo's temple. We, too, were pilgrims to the ancient shrine, and it was the most natural thing in the world to wash in the clear waters before entering the sanctuary.

Beside the stream there is a little shrine sacred to St. John Baptist. A peasant woman in her black scarf left her mule and entered the shrine. She lighted one of the tapers, which stood in a bottle of oil, said a prayer, left a few drachmae, and passed on her way with her mule laden with immense bundles of twigs. Perhaps early Christians had been baptised there in those very waters by that shrine. Here at the foot of Mount Parnassus the silence was intense, broken only by the sound of running water, the song of birds, and the tinkling of little bells. All around were mountains soaring to the blue skies. Overhead great eagles hovered with outstretched wings. The spell of Delphi held us in thrall. Slowly we climbed up the Sacred Way towards the precinct of Apollo where many of the beautiful buildings are now roofless, pillars broken, statues headless, some standing upright, others lying in the grass among the many-coloured flowers. Yet we did not seem to be wandering among dead ruins, but rather among living marble which, in the passing of time, had become part of the soil where it lay.

The Way is lined with treasuries and monuments of the city states. The Treasury of the Athenians stands out on a bend in the roadway, a perfect

miniature of a Doric temple with two columns in front. It was built to commemorate the victory of Marathon in 490 B.C. Many of the stones had fallen into the valley below but have now been recovered and, by the study of inscriptions and other evidence, the present city of Athens has been able to re-erect the Treasury with almost every piece in its original position. Many inscriptions were found on its walls, including two hymns to Apollo, and on blocks forming a sort of base lying by the south wall was the following:—"The Athenians dedicated to Apollo booty seized from the Persians at the Battle of Marathon."

Higher up is the Theatre in a superb position cut steeply into the rock face. The surrounding rocks formed a gigantic crescent where, with the gorge of Pleistos below and Mount Kirphos opposite, over 5,000 people used to sit from sunrise to sunset with only one interval, listening to the alternating voices of actors and chorus, as they watched with deep concentration the great tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. About thirty years ago the poet Sikelianos revived the old Greek plays with a performance of Prometheus Vincetus in this theatre, and since then fine performances have been given during the Delphic Festivals attended by people from all over the world.

Two hundred feet higher up than the Theatre, at the highest point of the ancient city, is the Stadium with the ruins of a Roman triumphal arch at the entrance. Here, cut off from sight of the rest of the ruins, we sat in the heat of the day under the shade of cypress trees, looking across the long level track to the opposite side where thousands of people used to assemble in seats hewn out of the rocks and watch the races, wrestling, and throwing of the discus and javelin. The course is marked out in three parallel tracks, and at the starting point the prints of the feet of the naked runners can still be seen. The winners received prizes of little value—a laurel wreath or an olive crown. It was enough to have won the race.

The Sacred Way winds steeply on until it reaches the great Temple of Apollo, which stands on so steep a slope that many terraces and a retaining wall had to be built to protect the temple and the many monuments which stood in its precinct. Inscriptions on the wall give details of the building. According to these, the great altar which stood in front of the entrance had been dedicated to Apollo by the Chians in 518 B.C. who afterwards claimed priority of entrance over other pilgrims. We followed the way of the pilgrims of old who sought the Oracle, passing through the pronaos or entrance hall to the cella proper, and then on into the adyton, where was a subterranean chamber containing the omphalos, a large stone symbolising the centre of the earth, which was believed to be here at Delphi. In this most sacred part of the temple the priestess Pythia used to sit on the tripod, chewing laurel leaves, and inhaling vapours which rose from a hole in the ground. Pilgrims came from all parts of the world to consult her, bringing, not only their personal problems, but those of state which might lead to peace or war. Here she uttered her strange, incoherent, ambiguous words. For hundreds of years Delphi flourished; its religious influence was strangely powerful in the Greek World. Then came earthquakes and wars. Twice the Temple of Apollo was destroyed by fire and earthquake, and was rebuilt. Then victorious enemies stripped the shrines and robbed the treasuries. In A.D. 361 an attempt was made by Julian, the pagan Emperor

of Constantinople, to rebuild the fallen temple and revive the ancient religion. According to legend the Oracle spoke once more, and this was her message to Julian's emissary: —

Go tell the King: The fair-wrought halls
have fallen to the ground;
no longer has Phoebus a shelter here,
no soothsaying laurel, no spring that spake;
even the babbling water is silent now.

It was her last despairing cry. In A.D. 381 the Emperor Theodosius issued an edict forbidding any kind of non-Christian worship or religious observance, and the oracle was silenced for ever. In that strange deep silence the spirit of Delphi still lives—a silence full of intensity and meaning, guarded by purple mountains and grey olive trees in the valley, a silence which speaks of beauty, peace, and wonder.

SOPHIE SHEPPARD

EIRE'S GENERAL ELECTION

THE second coalition government of Eire ended when the smallest party, the Clann na Poblachta, withdrew its support and gave notice of a motion of no-confidence; a similar motion followed from the largest party, Fianna Fail, which constituted the Opposition. The Prime Minister, Mr. Costello, without waiting for the Dail to reassemble, secured a dissolution, and the general election took place on March 5, 1957. The previous general election was in May, 1954, a year before our own.

As usual, the newspapers talked of "apathy" in the election campaign, but, again as usual, this seemed to be contradicted by reports of crowded meetings—not only of mass rallies for the leaders but also of a tiny market town in Galway where several hundred people paid to hear all the candidates on the same platform. The poll varied widely, from 57% in Dublin North Central to 81% in Monaghan, with an average of about 71% (75.6% in 1954). Some of the abstentions were certainly due less to apathy than to a wish to protest against the out-of-date structure of Irish politics. The two largest parties do not differ substantially in policy and are divided mainly by history, enshrined in the person of Mr. de Valera. Abstentions on this ground will naturally have been more numerous among de Valera's opponents than among his supporters, and must have contributed to the Fianna Fail victory. Fianna Fail polled 14,092 more first preferences than in 1954, while Fine Gael lost 100,356 and the party that precipitated the election lost three-fifths of its votes and two of its three seats. De Valera personally increased his poll by 3,480 to 16,159 (the next Fianna Fail candidate in that constituency getting 6,026), while Costello dropped by 4,387 to 6,918.

Eire has forty constituencies, each returning three, four or five members by the single transferable vote form of proportional representation: the voter numbers the candidates in the order of his preference. The Speaker being, by law, returned unopposed, his constituency, Co. Clare, had to elect only three members out of its total four. Fianna Fail and Fine Gael each contested every constituency, with 112 and 82 candidates respectively;

smaller numbers of candidates came from four other parties and there were 26 Independents. The result was as follows:—

	1st pref. votes.	%	seats.	%	seats in propn. to votes.
Fianna Fail	592,988	48.3	78	53.4	70
Fine Gael	326,701	26.6	40	27.4	39
Labour	111,748	9.1	11*	7.5	13*
Sinn Fein	65,640	5.4	4	2.7	8
Farmers	28,905	2.4	3	2.1	3½
Clann na Poblachta	20,632	1.7	1	0.7	2½
Independents	80,402	6.5	9	6.2	10
Totals	1,227,016	100.0	146*	100.0	146*

* plus the Speaker.

The apparent over-representation of Fianna Fail is due to the fact that its first-preference votes do not represent its whole support; it gained considerably by the transfer of votes from other parties' candidates when these were eliminated. Had Sinn Fein, for instance, intervened in an election under the British system, it would have caused many "split votes"; under P.R., if a Sinn Fein candidate failed, as 15 out of the 19 did, each of his votes was transferred to the candidate that voter would have supported had there been no Sinn Feiner. Voters for that party and for the Clann na Poblachta, who in most constituencies were too few to win a seat themselves, often contributed to the election of a Fianna Fail candidate.

Fianna Fail polled the most votes in every constituency except Sligo-Leitrim (5 members); therefore an election under the British system in the same constituencies would have given Fianna Fail 141 seats, Fine Gael 5 and others none. A division into single-member constituencies would probably modify these figures, but would be most unlikely to change them essentially.

During the campaign appeals were made for votes on various lines—for one-party government or coalition; for the best candidates without regard to outworn party divisions; for women; for candidates against the export of horses for slaughter. The single transferable vote enables the voter to give effect to his wishes on such matters, for he has no need to consider diverting his vote to a different party on account of a side-issue: he has a free choice among different candidates of the same party and can give preference to the one he most agrees with on particular questions.

Moreover, Independents can fight on special issues without risk of "splitting the vote"; three candidates stood for Housewives, two for Ratepayers, and one for the Unemployed. It is a sign of dissatisfaction with the lack of concrete proposals by the parties to deal with Eire's very serious unemployment problem that the Unemployed Workers' candidate was elected to the fifth seat in Dublin South Central.

But perhaps the most important lesson for Britain is to be found in the success of the Independent Dr. Noel Browne in Dublin South East—the constituency he has represented twice before and fought unsuccessfully in 1954. He was refused nomination by Fianna Fail, resigned from that party

and was nominated as an Independent. By so doing, it must be repeated, he ran no risk of splitting the Fianna Fail vote: if he were not elected, the transfer of his votes would restore the position to what it would have been if he had not stood. But he was elected—second in that three-member constituency, 883 votes behind Mr. Costello, and ahead of the more popular of two official Fianna Fail candidates. Would not British politics be healthier if it were possible for Mr. Nigel Nicolson to submit himself to the choice of the voters when refused nomination by the Bournemouth East Conservative Association?

ENID LAKEMAN

THOUGHTS ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

THE prevailing temper of English letters is hardly an heroic one. Indeed, there seems to be something almost deliberately inglorious about it. To locate the source of this is no easy matter; but if we seek to interpret the mood of literature in philosophic terms, then perhaps we can say that the school of thought behind this attitude of scrutiny and caution, of unbelief and non-commitment, is that of logical or critical positivism. Some reservations are needed here. G. E. Moore is generally considered the father of new "common-sense" English thinking, but Moore's great interest in moral problems is not reflected in recent writing. Ludwig Wittgenstein is also a name accorded a degree of conversational respect, but Wittgenstein's sense of experience outside the range of analytic statement is probably ignored by his casual admirers. They remember and assent readily enough to his claim that "Everything that can be thought, can be thought clearly; everything that can be said, can be said clearly," but forget his contrary and equal assertion that "There is indeed the inexpressible. This shows itself, it is the mystical," or again, "What can be shown, cannot be said." It is possible, of course, that these young writers who ally themselves with the philosopher might defend themselves in the following manner. They might argue that although the "inexpressible" exists, it cannot be regarded by the literary man as a suitable subject since it cannot be "said." The error in this argument stems, I think, from believing that the province of literature, even as that of philosophy, is the province of what can be "said." But suppose the province of literature and art is rather the province of what can be "shown."¹ If this is so, then the mode of the aesthetic partakes of the mode of the mystical, and to exclude from literature a sense of the mystical and what can be "shown" is to limit its field of activity to that of philosophic analysis without a corresponding logical precision.

To look, then, for a philosopher as unofficial patron to the younger English writers of the matter-of-fact, unheroic school is to reject those thinkers who possess any faculty beyond those suggested by the words "logical or critical positivism." To find such a one is no simple affair since neither logic nor criticism are self-dependent activities, *i.e.*, they depend

¹ Commenting on a passage of Wittgenstein as far back as 1924, John Middleton Murry remarked that "quintessential poetry could . . . be defined as the result of an effort to bring unthinkable thoughts and unsayable sayings within the range of human minds and ears."

for their operation upon some external data which can then be subjected to their workings. Possibly the nearest to this difficult ideal would be the early A. J. Ayer, an Oxford philosopher of admirable lucidity who has, at times, applied his analytic method to the criticism of literature. (His critiques of the Continental thinkers and writers has set the tone for the dismissal of those schools by a number of recent younger authors.) But Ayer has already begun to modify his earlier position. He admits now to the social need for statements which cannot be verified in the fashion he first considered essential. In short, he has introduced into his negative reductive thought an element of pragmatism and has recognised the role of the conditional. A number of his more sceptical destructive-minded pupils have rejected these further developments. His literary admirers, on the other hand, have often not read beyond his early work. It would probably, then, be correct to say that the recent movement² in English letters has taken over certain philosophic parlour-tricks without mastering any coherent system.

A good indication of its prevailing bias can, however, be found in Robert Conquest's Introduction to the verse anthology *New Lines*.³ "If," he writes, "one had briefly to distinguish this poetry of the fifties from its predecessors, I believe the most important general point would be that it submits to no great system of theoretical constructs nor agglomerations of unconscious commands. It is free from both mystical and logical compulsions and—like modern philosophy—is empirical in its attitude to all that comes. This reverence for the real person or event is, indeed, a part of the general intellectual ambience (in so far as that is not blind or retrogressive) of our time. One might, without stretching matters too far, say that George Orwell with his principle of real, rather than ideological honesty, exerted, even though indirectly, one of the major influences on modern poetry." This is a highly partisan account; and, much as John Wain and Kingsley Amis have been affected by George Orwell—that genuine hero of normality—it is doubtful if he would have approved the *New Lines* poets as a group. Certainly Donald Davie's conclusion:

Be dumb!

Appear concerned only to make it scan!

How dare we now be anything but numb?⁴

would have seemed to him confession of a sad loss of nerve, of non-activity and non-engagement disguised as polite stoicism, while Elizabeth Jennings' teasing attempts to trace or define a thought or a sensation—

This afternoon disturbs within the mind

No other afternoons, is out of time

Yet lies within a definite sun to end

In night that is in time.⁵

² The extreme circumspection of mind informing younger English writing, especially regarding the authors associated by name with John Wain, Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie, Iris Murdoch, etc., is seen in the way in which even their critics have taken to referring to them collectively as "The Movement"—a noun with no give-away adjective attached. Philosophic non-committal could hardly go further than this.

³ Published by Macmillan (London), 1956. The volume contains work by the following poets: Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie, D. J. Enright, Thomas Gunn, John Holloway, Elizabeth Jennings, Philip Larkin, John Wain, Robert Conquest.

⁴ *Rejoinder to a critic.*

⁵ *Afternoon in Florence.*

—to him might have appeared as a profitless inquiry. I can, however, imagine Orwell finding in Philip Larkin's verse a bearable resemblance to the "plain man's poet" which he rather wistfully desiderated. Larkin carries less of that self-protective armour of irony and conscious wit which the others adhere to in public performance. His humour is of a more unbending order, the demonstration of his feelings freer, and—alone, amongst this group of poets—he looks like being the only one with anything of a lyric sense. The others may sometimes beat their wings but they can hardly be said to fly, their limited power of levitation making them, on the whole, a group of satirical "low-level" poets. Larkin's poem *Born Yesterday (for Sally Amis)* clearly imitates Yeats' great ceremonious *A Prayer for My Daughter* in its train of thought. But there is nothing in Larkin's poem of the formal and courtly affectation into which followers of Yeats sometimes drop. For the gifts of kindness and courtesy which the Irish poet asks for his child, Larkin substitutes "Nothing unc customary," "An average of talent"—in short, a happy ordinariness. Larkin's poem is natural, shrewd, and charming, and if it omits the loftiness of Yeats, it can at least claim to be a semi-translation of *A Prayer for My Daughter* into more colloquial and democratic speech.

Literary criticism in England, at the moment, combines the "logical positivist" temper with the technique of William Empson and the "verbal sensibility" tests of F. R. Leavis. Never perhaps has academic criticism in this country been so productive of patient, useful, if unexceptional work. One serious deficiency here, however, is its generally preconceived vision of contemporary creative writing. This part irritable, part lazy treatment derives from F. R. Leavis whose disgruntlement with the literature of his own time is proverbial. Since Leavis showed himself inaccurate in critical forecasting when he singled out,⁶ twenty years ago, Ronald Bottrall, an able but not outstanding writer, as the important poet of the future, his all-but-total rejection of the present should not be read too seriously. In any case, the assimilative power of a critic usually diminishes with age, and if Leavis' contemporary crotchets were taken as the nearly inevitable prejudice of a mind whose proper work has lain elsewhere, no general disservice would be done. But Leavis' younger sympathisers have tended to take his repudiations as a common guide to contemporary merit. Because of this, the work of Sidney Keyes, David Gascoyne, and Christopher Fry (much as praise has been granted to it) has gone without the careful analytic inspection which the Leavis critics, at their best, provide. Dylan Thomas is another poet entered in Leavis' spacious "bad books," but William Empson's interest in his verse has guaranteed for it a show of attention.

A collection of recent critical writing, which represents both academic and journalistic criticism of the new Movement, is the symposium *Interpretations* edited by John Wain. The volume consists of individual essays on twelve English poems separately considered. Its stress is on the analysis of meaning rather than on examination of value, and in this it reveals the influence of Empson beyond that of Leavis. The epilogue to this volume is provided by G. S. Fraser and entitled *On the Interpretation of the Difficult Poem*. It offers a stimulating exposition of one of Empson's more enigmatic

⁶ *New Bearings in English Poetry*.

pieces,⁷ but in its persistent worrying of four famous lines by Denham, it is symptomatic of the attempt to seek out ambiguities where an adequate meaning exists. "How to complicate an unobscure poem" is an "end-product" danger of the Empson technique.

A critic with different presuppositions, though affiliated to the Leavis-Empson school, is Donald Davie, whose two books *Purity of Diction in English Verse* (1952) and *Articulate Energy* (1956) depend for their argument upon eighteenth-century poetics. In the latter work, Davie sets out to show "the inadequacy of the symbolist and post-symbolist traditions" in terms of sustained and coherent syntax. He describes his position as one of "rational conservatism," and urges the immediacy, common assent, and communicability to be obtained from a fuller use of traditional syntax in poetry. Save for their all-round failure to appreciate the Nineteenth-Century Romantics (and any later poets much influenced by them), the younger critics of the Leavis-Empson school have produced some worthwhile work. They lack, however, originality, the power to think in terms of broad ideas, the gift of making fresh distinctions, and the insight to create new categories of value.

The novel is the only field in which the new Movement⁸—as best represented by John Wain and Kingsley Amis—has made a definite and clear-cut contribution. Wain's two titles, *Hurry on Down* and *Living in the Present*, together with Amis' *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling*, constitute a body of writing able, by its vitality and difference, to achieve one of those shifts in perspective by which contemporary tastes are re-created. Hitherto, the recent British novel convention (with the outstanding names excepted) had seemed to be in the hands of exquisite, reflective, and sensitive young men who wrote as if their name was Virginia Woolf. One of the features of the new Movement novel is its determined masculinity (not tough so much as downright, more shrewd than subtle). Another factor is its lesser refinement, its avoidance of social grace and tone. The American magazine *Commonweal* has spoken of the Movement as the "poor sod school,"⁹ and the vulgarism is highly descriptive. Perhaps a suggestive literary definition would be to call the Wain-Amis novel¹⁰ a sort of lower-middle-class picaresque. There is, in this respect, an interesting contrast to be drawn from comparing the chapters on the Beaumont Street set (a group of Oxford graduates and undergraduates subscribing to logical positivism, in the middle nineteen-thirties) as portrayed in Philip Toynbee's book *Friends Apart*, with the more unmannered provincial medley who feature in the Wain-Amis novel. Both authors reflect in their way aspects of logical positivism, but in Wain's and Amis' case, it is that philosophy translated into lower-middle-class farce as opposed to the world of Oxford-study, West-end-London-drawing-room talk in which the Beaumont Street set flourished. Another characteristic of the new Movement fiction is its

⁷ *The Teasers*.

⁸ I follow the general loose practice of so nominating it.

⁹ The epithet is taken from two lines by Wordsworth which Wain quotes facetiously as an epigraph to *Hurry on Down*.

¹⁰ Sharing a number of characteristics, the novels of Wain and Amis are considered together here for convenience. But Amis is the finer humorist and stylist, while Wain has greater seriousness. He is also a painstaking critic of poetry, providing that his prejudices are not involved.

aggressive philistinism. The Wain-Amis hero rises in the world, but at one point prefers to sink back again. He goes from his red-brick town or suburb to a grammar school or red-brick university. Perhaps he precariously becomes a tutor, or, maybe, a local librarian, but contact with the world of books and leisure, and the pretensions accompanying it, sicken him and send him back to the science-fiction comics of his boyhood milieu. There is something perverse about this complete reversal, but it stands for a rejection of the novel of culture (a foreign import in English fiction, beginning with Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*) in favour of the novel of ordinary living. Against an artificial, industrial background, the Wain-Amis hero pursues normality as others pursue self-cultivation. The vigorous girth of Fielding's *Tom Jones* and the coarse, eccentric, dramatic caste of Dickens provide points of reference in the past. An obvious corollary of these characteristics is the native, insular accent in these novels. There is nothing consciously national about them. Indeed, in Amis' *Lucky Jim* the academic notions of regional lore and national culture are satirised grotesquely. But the cosmopolitan approach, with its sophisticated spirit, is clearly anathema to these authors,¹¹ as also is the cult of Continental novelists fashionable with half of educated England.

A movement influenced by a philosophy so critical as logical positivism can perhaps be better summarised by what it censures than by what it includes. Enthusiasm and the exotic are certainly regarded with suspicion by it; religious and idealistic thought of a transcendental order are disliked; specialisation and individual difference, when deliberately heightened, are met with disapproval. A mean of grimy or tarnished gold is substituted for one of aspiring aims and fancies. Such a movement will be seen to lack passion and the sense of glory, the tragic sense and perhaps a sense of grace. The list of absent properties is a rather intimidating one.

DEREK STANFORD.

¹¹ The exception being Iris Murdoch (author of a monograph on Sartre), in whom the influence of contemporary French fiction is strong.

ROMILLY, LAW REFORMER

SAMUEL ROMILLY was the son of a watch-maker and jeweller, born in Frith Street, Soho, on March 1, 1757, of Huguenot descent. As a boy he indulged a morbid curiosity in the Newgate Calendar, that lurid chronicle of crime, and what he read made an impression on his mind that was to endure for life. No doubt it helped to direct his thoughts to the criminal law, which was as barbarous as it was illogical. No less than two hundred offences were punishable by death, a state of affairs that was to rouse the reformer in him, and urge him into action. At the age of sixteen he was articled to one of the Chancery clerks and thus launched upon a legal career. A studious and intelligent youth, with a keen interest in literature, he quickly acquired a knowledge of various subjects, from bookkeeping (for he kept his father's accounts) to natural philosophy. The romantic social theories of Rousseau swept him off his feet, and inclined him towards radical politics. In 1778 he was admitted a member

of Gray's Inn, and five years later was called to the Bar. In 1784 he made the acquaintance of Mirabeau, and at about the same time became interested in law reform, just as John Howard, a little earlier, had become interested in reform of the prisons. Some of the more glaring anomalies which existed were exposed by him in 1786 in a booklet. Four years later he published *Thoughts on the Probable Influence of the French Revolution on Great Britain*, which made clear his sympathy with the broad, humanitarian ideals of the great movement then shaking France to its foundations.

Romilly's professional career was on the whole a successful one despite political prejudices which affected him towards the end. He was an eloquent speaker and in 1797 brilliantly defended John Binns, a delegate of the London Corresponding Society, which may be regarded as Britain's first politically inspired working-class association. In 1801 he was sworn in as Solicitor General received a knighthood, and took his seat in Parliament for Queensborough. Subsequently he was returned as member for Horsham, but being unseated on petition in 1808 purchased the representation of Wareham for £3,000. It was a bad practice, common enough at the time, but one which he thought necessary to ensure his independence for the sake of which he had already twice refused the offer of a seat. Later he was returned for Arundel and Westminster and began the agitation with which his name will always be associated.

The criminal law which Romilly was called upon to administer he thought not only cruel but completely senseless. Capital punishment, at least in theory, could be inflicted for such a multiplicity of petty crimes that had the sentences been invariably carried out there would have been mass executions all over the country. In practice the majority of those convicted and sentenced to death were reprieved. This, though it tempered the severity of the law and nullified its more ferocious workings, created further anomalies and injustices since the lives of the convicted depended entirely on the whims and humours of judges. At the same time, the procedure of the Courts, no less than the punishments, were made to appear grotesque. His efforts to reform and humanise the law were bitterly opposed, and it was only after a strenuous fight that he scored his first minor victory: the abolition of the Elizabethan statute which prescribed the death penalty for stealing from the person. His labours to extend the reform to cover shoplifting, stealing in dwelling houses and on navigable rivers, were fruitless. Three years of disputation with a cynical and firmly entrenched Parliament ensued, but whilst ventilating the subject produced no practical results until in 1811 he wrung one further concession from the die-hards: transportation to New South Wales was substituted for death in cases of "stealing from the bleaching grounds." In 1812 the Commons grudgingly agreed to repeal a statute under which it had been possible to hang soldiers and sailors for the crime of "wandering vagrant" without their passes.

Romilly's other activities were equally enlightened. In the year of Waterloo he demonstrated his democratic and liberal leanings by voting against a Corn Bill which proposed duties on imported corn, and in 1817 by heading the opposition to the Government's policy of imposing its will by suppression of public meetings and suspension of habeas corpus. He fought tenaciously for the emancipation of Catholics and for the liberation of negro slaves. He approved, and lent his name to, a motion for an

enquiry into the state of the representation. All were far-seeing objectives which he pursued with courage, conviction and a fine disregard of purely personal interests. His reform scheme, planned in anticipation of his elevation to the Woolsack, on the return of the Whig Party to power, was destined to remain no more than an outline for the future. Personal tragedy struck him in 1818 when his wife died. Unable to bear the loss, he put an end to his life. The death of this "upright, eloquent and enlightened" man was regarded as a calamity. He had worked tremendously hard, and his humanitarian labours, whilst they were opposed and blocked by every possible means, won him wide respect. His actual achievement was small, due largely to the harsh climate of his age, and the hanging judges continued to have their way for several decades. But he initiated a movement that was gradually to gather momentum and triumph in the end. He left his mark on the minds of men both at home and abroad. Benjamin Constant was only one of many on the continent who acknowledged and admired his great work "in defending the causes of humanity, liberty, and justice. This illustrious Englishman belongs to all nations."

RUDOLPH ROBERT

THE IRREDUCIBLE

*Afar in space I saw it,
A vision startling bright :
The sun and all the planets
Rinsed in a flood of light.*

*Aloof and otherworlded
I saw it clear and true,
A sign, a blazoned statement
Backed with the midnight blue.*

*There as a lifted monstrance
The blinding ball was hung.
Round it as globes of silver
The cosmic censers swung.*

*The thing was sacramental,
A universal sign :
The one within the many ;
Around the one the nine.*

*I waited rapt in wonder ;
Yet back the mind would come*

*To that one gyring hearthold
That I have called my home.*

*Though space was there belittled
And time so strangely clocked,
On that one swinging jewel
All that I loved was locked.*

*Yet, well I knew, wherever
The stuff of things might range,
Still would the Great Unchanging
Reflect itself in change.*

*My world—I saw it alter,
And still the difference grew:
Strange fields and stranger faces;
The very hills were new.*

*This stage of sequent ages,
I thought, grows old and dies,
Yet I, aloof, unworlded,
Observe its obsequies.*

*Thought holds in fee the aeons,
Can see the long ago,
In will can choose and purpose,
In love may deeply know.*

*The I, as elemental,
The image of the One,
Shall pass beyond all process,
Through every purpose run.*

*The last and primal order
That asks and answers why,
The self, the irreducible
That has no parts to die.*

*Unmoved I watched the fading
As earth and sun grew cold,
With all our perturbations
A story that was told.*

*I knew not if some future
Under a new-lit star
Should hold us. I knew only
That timelessly we are.*

*For I had seen the vision,
And what I saw I mark,
The twofold light, the blazing
That pricked the velvet dark.*

FRANCIS ENGLEHEART

THE ENGLISH EMPRESS

EGON CAESAR
CONTE CORTI

translated by

E. M. HODGSON

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JEAN DE LA BRÈTE

translated by

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196 pp. 13/6 net

CASSELL

THE GERMAN MIND

The veteran Austrian sociologist, Dr. Hertz, now a British subject, is to be congratulated on the crowning achievement of his life. There are large-scale political, social and ecclesiastical surveys of medieval and modern Germany in plenty, but there was still room for a comprehensive study of what Germans throughout the ages were saying and thinking about the State and society. This massive treatise is much more than the customary analysis of the systems of successive thinkers, for the author brings every section of the community into the witness box and the factual background is kept firmly in view. The interaction of ideas, conditions and events provides the historian with his most difficult and most rewarding task. "What men have done and said," declared Maitland, "above all what they have thought: that is history." This book is mainly a record and interpretation of what Germans—high and low, learned and unlearned—have thought and said. "The study of the collective mind must largely be based on other sources than state documents which usually say little about the opinions of classes without a voice in politics. But a great deal about them can be found in religious and legal writings, works of literature, broadsheets, the verses of minstrels, folk songs and later in newspapers." To the student of the *Volksgeist* striving to recapture the intellectual atmosphere every scrap of evidence is of value; his task is not to praise or blame but to understand the mental outlook of other times. The bibliographies will prove a gold mine for advanced students.

Erudition and the critical evaluation of sources form the basis of every serious historical work; but learning is not enough, and indeed it may be a snare if it is debased into an instrument of propaganda for any particular cause. No one knows better than Dr. Hertz that, in Ranke's words, the writing of history is a matter of conscience. The paramount duty of every historian is to deserve the confidence of his readers. Dr. Hertz sails *sine ira et studio* through the raging waters of political and religious controversy. Such self-control arises not from any lack of convictions, for he may best be described as a liberal humanist, but from a sense of responsibility.

After some introductory chapters on the geographical background, early Germanic traditions and the influence of Christianity, the author gets into his stride with Charlemagne, whose towering stature was exaggerated by legend. His empire soon fell to pieces and in the following century Otto the Great determined the whole future course of German history more than any other ruler. His realm also illustrated the familiar maxim *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint*, for the repeated attempts to yoke Italy to central Europe proved beyond the strength of the Emperors, not merely owing to the material difficulty of campaigning beyond the Alps but also to the ever increasing claims of the Papacy. Moreover the long absences of Barbarossa, Frederick II and other rulers in distant lands encouraged great nobles such as Henry the Lion to challenge the central power. It is a story of ceaseless strife, briefly and clearly outlined, and it is a relief to turn to the labours of Alcuin, Odo of Cluny, and other reformers who kept alight the lamp of learning and piety. While the names and deeds of most of the medieval rulers are familiar to students of history, readers may well feel particularly grateful for the sketches of thinkers and scholars who have been little more than names. "The late Middle Ages did not produce any great poets but a very great number of minor writers whose works are important as illustrations of public opinion. The principal subjects are again the condemnation of the money-making spirit pervading all classes, in particular the rich, of the depraved clergy and its head the Pope, and of the nobles without the true nobility of character. Few authors defend the upper classes and the clergy. A noteworthy symptom is the frequent praise of the poor peasant working by the sweat of his brow who on the Day of Judgment

will alone escape damnation. The mystics consider poverty and a simple life favourable to the finding of God." The more we learn about the Ages of Faith the more we realise how widespread was the spirit of radicalism and anti-clericalism. The Reformation was merely the culmination of centuries of legitimate discontent. The thousand years from Augustine to Machiavelli are only a golden age for dreamers who have not lived in it and know little about it. One of the most repulsive features of these centuries was the brutal treatment of the Jews, to which the author devotes an instructive chapter.

The closing chapter of Part I is devoted to Humanism and the Rise of the Modern Spirit, a theme which commands the warm sympathy of the author. "Humanism in the philosophical sense regards the harmonious unfolding of all the faculties of human nature as the proper goal of Man. A striving towards this aim regarded first of all his intellectual emancipation from the restrictions imposed upon him by the dominant doctrines of the Church, scholasticism and feudal society. The predominant conviction of the Middle Ages was that the proper goal of Man was Heaven and that his faculties must be exercised only as far as they were compatible with this aim. The humanistic philosophy tended to remove these limitations." In a sentence it was the transition from the theocentric to the anthropocentric approach. Burckhardt's celebrated treatise on the Renaissance was published a century ago and has been criticised for making that dazzling episode of intellectual emancipation emerge too suddenly from the medieval twilight, but his imposing structure still stands erect. The modern world—and modern man—dates from the fifteenth century. Some of the best pages in this volume are devoted to Erasmus who hated violence in every form, above all in war and religious intolerance.

Part II, entitled *The Reformation and the Counter-Reformation*, presents the author with the most difficult problem historians of Germany have to face. While Protestants, with Ranke at their head, regard the Lutheran revolt as the finest hour of the German people, Catholics denounce it as a criminal apostasy. The sterile controversy has raged for four centuries. Happily there are scholars, of whom Dr. Hertz is one, who stand above the battle, more interested in trying to understand the motives and actions than in making propaganda for the churches to which they belong. No movement of the colossal dimensions of the Reformation or the French Revolution is likely to be all loss or all gain, and responsible scholars must hold the balance as fairly as they can. There is no finer example of historical judgment than the massive treatise of Willy Andreas on Germany before the Reformation.

Since Karl Brandt's masterly work on Charles V there has been little disagreement about that well-meaning ruler. "A pious son of the Catholic Church he did his best to maintain her unity, but also to purify her from corruption and abuse. When the rise of Protestantism threatened the very existence of the old faith in Germany, he made every effort to bring about a compromise and to prevent a split in the Church. This aim was frustrated partly by the intransigents in both religious camps, partly by the great struggles between the Emperor and his enemies which compelled both sides to have regard to the Protestants in order to weaken the adversary. The Pope in particular often regarded a full victory by Charles V as a greater menace than the spread of Protestantism." The strife of Pope and Emperor was centuries old, now one side obtaining the upper hand, now the other. The Reformation era, as Ranke's masterpiece was the first to demonstrate, was immensely complicated. In addition to the duel between Rome and Wittenberg, there was the growing antagonism of the Princes to the Empire and rivalry among the Princes themselves. The line of demarcation between the predominantly Protestant North and the predominantly Catholic South, as registered in the

Treaty of Westphalia, was the result of political and military factors, not of the theological teachings of Luther, Calvin or Ignatius Loyola.

By the time the reader reaches Luther he will probably have gained sufficient confidence in the fairmindedness of the author to look with some excitement for his verdict on a personality as complex as Cromwell. "Even Luther's adversaries admit that he was a genius, a person of almost superhuman energy, possessed of extraordinary power over the minds of men. His mind showed a strange mixture of divergent dispositions, such as deep humility and defiant self-assertion, great self-discipline and shocking harshness, commonsense and eccentricity, culture and primitivity, enlightenment and superstition. He had an extremely sensitive conscience, a deep feeling of moral responsibility and active love towards his fellow men, and yet he could hurl terrible words of vituperation and condemnation not only against his adversaries but also against the peasants in revolt, the Jews and others, and could sanction actions like the bigamy of Philip of Hesse." Scorning rationalism and caring little for humanism, though he was a man of deep learning, his obsession with theology relates him far more closely to the medieval than to the modern world. Nothing could be more alien to the new spirit than his doctrine of justification by faith alone. His friend and colleague Melanchthon, a much more attractive personality, was a Christian Humanist, temperamentally and ideologically nearer to Erasmus than to Luther. But Melanchthon was not a superman and could never have carried through the revolution which non-Catholics believe was urgently needed.

That it was followed by widespread confusion and dislocation was the theme of Janssen's polemical treatise in eight volumes. No serious historian disputes the fact, but the Catholic gladiator tended to ignore other factors in the ferment of the sixteenth century. On the other side no fairminded Catholic can deny—though he would hardly dare to assert—that the Reformation was the main cause of the Catholic Revival, symbolised by the rise of the Jesuits and the Council of Trent. Dr. Hertz pays a well-merited tribute to the zeal and piety of the most militant and the most influential Order in the Church. "The Jesuit was neither a monk nor a secular priest. He was a soldier in a great cause, bound to absolute obedience and strict discipline, and equipped with psychological weapons of great efficiency." The closing chapters on the Thirty Years War are equally balanced, and the responsibility for the conflict is not presented in terms of black and white. Gustavus Adolphus, "the Protestant hero," was a much finer character than Wallenstein, but neither was impelled by religious motives alone.

The curtain falls on the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 which ended the Wars of Religion by the formal recognition that neither side was strong enough to defeat the other. When it rises again, as it shortly will, the narrative will move steadily on towards the Age of Reason and the manifold intellectual developments of the nineteenth century. We could not wish for a better guide. The index is so meagre that something more worthy of this important work should appear in the second volume.

G. P. GOOCH

The Development of the German Public Mind: a Social History of German Political Sentiments, Aspirations and Ideas. The Middle Ages and The Reformation. By Frederick Hertz. Allen & Unwin. 35s.

POLITICAL GANGSTERS

As fiction one could enjoy this book, but as the memoirs of the former head of the German secret service it is a grim reminder of the nightmare which so nearly engulfed the world. Schellenberg was not one of the fanatics; he joined the Nazi party and the SS when Hitler was already in power because, as a young man of twenty-three, he hoped to improve his prospects. His talents as

an organiser aroused the attention of people like Himmler and Heydrich, and at an incredibly early age, before he was thirty, he was near the top of the ladder. Early in his career Schellenberg was head of the German counter espionage, as far as such activities were concentrated in the hands of the Security Service (*Sicherheitsdienst*) of the Gestapo; the war naturally speeded his advancement. When Russia was invaded he became head of the German Foreign Intelligence Service, and later, when the plot against Hitler had discredited Admiral Canaris and General Oster, he was made responsible for the direction of the entire German Secret Service. In the course of his rise Schellenberg, who seems to have possessed an attractive personality, met everybody who was anybody in the party, and his pen portraits from Hitler downwards make fascinating reading.

Here is the rub. One can find explanations in plenty, some of them even fairly satisfactory, why Hitler became Chancellor in 1933, and why a large section of the German people was satisfied with this. After reading the Schellenberg memoirs one marvels that an oligarchy of men who were so hostile to one another could maintain itself in power for so long and keep up an outward show of unity. There is no reason to distrust the author's statements. We believe him when he says that Hitler was mad; we see with him the insane megalomania of Goering; the perverted, inhibited little schoolmaster Himmler, with his belief in astrology and his vague mysticism, weak and vain, and yet master over life and death of countless millions; Ribbentrop posing as Machiavellian foreign minister; Heydrich, the perverted sadist, effeminate and insanely ambitious—to mention but a few. All were deeply distrustful and filled with hatred of one another and yet aware that the slightest indication of a cleavage among them would bring the whole edifice down. We believe all this. But the reader who has the slightest knowledge of German history of the last twenty years will ask himself in vain why the people who opposed this insane clique, and who were, a million times and more, morally superior—men like Tresckow and Canaris, Moltke and Stauffenberg—were left to die pitifully, while the Yahoos could drag the whole world to the brink of destruction.

If one can overlook such searching questions one certainly can enjoy what Mr. Allan Bullock in his Foreword calls a "first-rate collection of spy stories." Mr. Bullock, who has investigated the memoirs, is convinced of their authenticity; so is this reviewer, who is greatly indebted to Colonel Stevens, one of the British officers kidnapped from Holland in 1939 by Schellenberg and taken into Germany. Not only did the German military machine work well, but the secret service also; we are left wondering what would have happened if Hitler had not interfered, but let his generals have their way. The thought is frightening.

There are many omissions in the book, the most important that of the plot to kill Hitler. Schellenberg must have known of it; is the omission due to his reluctance to commit himself? Nor is there any mention, except towards the end of the book, of concentration camps and persecution of Jews. This may be because of the author's unwillingness to show himself in an unfavourable light, since he could not have disclaimed his share of responsibility for the inhuman acts of a Government which commanded, if not his loyalty, at least all his abilities. While he avoids showing himself in a doubtful light, Schellenberg also avoids self-pity, and still worse, apologies. He is at times even proud of his actions—convinced that he has done his job well. An interesting book, well translated; for the historian a valuable source for research into the structure of the Third Reich, that strange and, let us hope, unique aberration of the human mind.

RICHARD BARKELEY

The Schellenberg Memoirs. By Walter Schellenberg. Edited and translated by Louis Hagen. André Deutsch. 25s.

BRITAIN AND INDIA

Lord Zetland has chosen his family motto, *Essayez*, as the title of his book. Undoubtedly he has lived up to it, but the book itself has an importance greater than the title suggests. It is a contribution to history, in particular to the last phases of British rule in India, which should have a permanent value as a source book for future historians. Neither India nor Pakistan can ignore it if their Governments are to fulfil the professed desire that a true history of their countries' twentieth century origin and shape shall be compiled. The present Marquess, then Lord Ronaldshay, was Governor of Bengal from 1917 to 1922. He was Secretary of State for India in the British Cabinet from 1935 to 1940. His book contains, presumably by permission, a vast amount of new material: lengthy quotations from his correspondence with Viceroy when he was Governor; more important still, his prolonged and intimate correspondence as Secretary of State with "Hopie" (that is to say Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy of India from 1936), and in his letters to the Viceroy frank accounts of Cabinet discussions, Cabinet dissensions and Cabinet decisions.

No one can read these without realising the intense desire of the British Government to make the Government of India Act of 1935 a stepping stone for a Federal United India to take its place as an independent member of the Commonwealth. Whatever faith shortsighted politicians or business men in India may have pinned on Hindu-Moslem quarrels as a means of prolonging British rule, it is clear beyond question that the whole idea was abhorrent to the British Government, and that their efforts to bring the two communities together were unceasing. Mr. Nehru is reported as having said in a recent speech at Hyderabad that the two-nation theory was encouraged by Britain in pre-independence days in order to weaken the nationalist movement and sow dissension. Alleging that this continues, as for instance over Kashmir, he added: "We are tired of internecine conflict engineered by the British." No doubt Mr. Nehru is entirely sincere in his beliefs. Let us hope that he will read *Essayez* and revise them. Lord Zetland himself has an abiding interest in all religions. His book on Hinduism, *The Heart of Aryavarta*, brought him the congratulations of learned Brahmin Pandits. Buddhism he studied with equal enthusiasm, and he early formed a conviction about the solidarity of the link that binds Moslem countries. It is difficult to resist the evidence that though Mahatma Gandhi was devoid of any prejudice whatever against Moslems, and was as democratic as they are in his opposition to caste distinctions, it was the intransigence of Congress and, in particular, the raging, tearing "Do or Die" campaign at the end of the war that drove Mr. Jinnah in his determination to insist on the division of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan. Thus did the British dream of a single India within the Commonwealth fade. Yet it did not entirely fade out. For both India and Pakistan decided after all to remain in the Commonwealth.

There are other matters of interest in this book. In a letter dated November 27, 1936, which begins "My dear Hopie, This is the most secret letter I have ever written," Lord Zetland relates how Baldwin that morning told the Cabinet of his three interviews with King Edward VIII concerning Mrs. Simpson. Abdication and King Edward's proposal of a morganatic marriage were the subjects of these conversations, of which the Cabinet previously knew nothing. There is also the story of the stunning impact of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation from Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Government. Lord Zetland's apology for the policy of appeasement is: "It should at least be entered on the credit side of the ledger that it afforded the country twelve invaluable months in which to make good some of the deficiencies in her armour."

The author has been a great traveller. There are many good stories, but rather too much for some tastes about the joys of killing shy and beautiful

wild animals such as the *ovis ammon* and the *ibex*. The illustrations are from photographs of Lord Zetland in various gorgeous robes, his relations and his Yorkshire home. There is a useful index.

ARTHUR MOORE

Essayez. The Memoirs of Lawrence, 2nd Marquess of Zetland. John Murray. 28s.

TROUBLED COUNTRIES

To spend the Second World War in a country occupied by the German army was an unpleasant experience. How much more so when, as was the case with Miss Yovitchitch, the victim was of mixed Serbian and British nationality. But, although this lady had a great deal to endure, she prefers to tell us of those worse off than herself. A Jew whom she knew by sight hid in an empty tomb in Belgrade's Orthodox cemetery, subsisting upon food given him by people visiting the graves of their relatives, and this continued for three and a half years without being discovered by the Germans. Among the vignettes of interesting persons is that of a young French dressmaker, killed by German gun-fire during the storming of Belgrade by the Russians in 1944. When dress material was extremely hard to obtain, she somehow managed to provide the author with 'chic' garments. If she had survived till the occupation of Belgrade by the Allies she would no doubt have contrived a superb dress out of the curtains with which, at a dance given by the French General, I saw most of the local ladies arrayed. As between the followers of General Mihailovitch and those of Marshal Tito, Miss Yovitchitch was obviously more inclined towards the former, but this does not blind her to their excesses. It is a pity that her criticism is ill-applied when writing of Prince Paul, who was the Regent after the assassination at Marseilles of King Alexander. She asserts that his "pronounced Anglophil proclivities were never for a moment doubted"; as a matter of fact the years which this gentleman spent at Oxford resulted in turning him out as a very dubious friend of Britain. When Yugoslavia, as Sir Winston Churchill exclaimed in the House of Commons, "found her soul" by rising in wrath against the pact which the then Premier and Prince Paul had made with Hitler, we are told, somewhat euphemistically, that this expelled Prince and his family "left Yugoslavia for Athens. From there they went to Kenya and remained in East Africa until the end of the war." Whitehall had no great opinion of his "Anglophil proclivities."

Far more Anglophil is Mr. Robert Trumbull, an American journalist with a vast experience of India, where, for instance, he covered both sides of operations in Kashmir. This problem between India and Pakistan has never been more lucidly explained. Mr. Trumbull, while India and Pakistan were being evolved, saw thirteen Sikhs step quietly from a train and stand "unresisting while the Moslems methodically brained them with hockey sticks. They were luckier than the Moslem gentleman whom a Sikh band cut to pieces on our train, in the compartment next door." One of the most prominent Moslems is the Nizam of Hyderabad whose Anglophilism did not save him from being left in the lurch by the British authorities when the sub-continent was divided between India and Pakistan. He has been criticised for his parsimonious habits; but Mr. Trumbull should have mentioned that he voluntarily pays pensions to about 3,000 persons. For example I came across an uncle of a king expelled from Afghanistan, now living in the Nilghiri Hills of South India and in receipt of £400 a year from the Nizam whom he has never met, merely because he shares his religion. Similarly he paid £4,000 a year to the last Sultan of Turkey, because he was his son's father-in-law. Talking of finance, it seems that one wedding may impoverish an Indian family for two or three generations, seeing that the bride's father, in addition to the dowry and all the wedding expenses, has to pay the railway fare of innumerable relatives and friends of both parties and keep them for several days. We are told that Gandhi, who often said he would "fast unto death," became impatient with young men

who desired to follow his example. "Fasting," he said, "is an art and I know how to do it, you don't."

According to Mr. Rom Landau the native Moroccan, under the French dispensation, was far less shielded from death than was the French settler, the rate of one hospital bed for 1,720 Moroccans comparing with one per 215 Europeans. Mr. Landau has written several books on Morocco, always on the side of the Sultan whom the French deposed and against such personages as the famous El Glaoui, the friend of Sir Winston Churchill and leader of the Berbers. Mr. Landau tells us that this defunct gentleman's fabulous income was in part derived from unsavoury sources. This is a long book, full of information, but not written with the impartiality of an historian.

HENRY BAERLEIN

Within Closed Frontiers. By Lena A. Yovitchitch. Chambers. 10s. 6d.

As I See India. By Robert Trumbull. Cassell. 18s.

Moroccan Drama. By Rom Landau. Robert Hale. 25s.

WAR AT SEA

The second volume of Captain Roskill's history deals with the period from January, 1942, to May, 1943. At its beginning our fortunes were at their lowest ebb. In the East we suffered the overrunning of the Philippines, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies by the Japanese: "Rarely can so much have been achieved at so small a cost." The weak Allied fleet suffered defeat from the greatly superior Japanese forces in the Java Sea and a tough struggle started for the possession of the Solomon Islands. In the Indian Ocean we had only a few out-of-date ships but fortunately the Japanese had no further designs for conquest there and withdrew to prepare for the central Pacific operations.

The part played by our convoys in all theatres of war was vital. In the Atlantic the period opens with the switch of the main U-Boat attack to American waters, where there was no convoy system in existence and where the losses were at first appalling. Then it switched back to the Atlantic, where the extensive area beyond the range of the available aircraft was a happy hunting ground for the wolf packs. The fall of Tobruk and loss of North Africa made it impossible to run Mediterranean convoys, which nearly cost us Malta, while the Arctic convoys for supplying war material to Russia worked under terrible conditions—the weather in the Barents Sea, the long hours of daylight so helpful to U-boats and enemy aircraft, and the threat of the German heavy ships in the northern fjords. The fall of France provided not only admirable bases for the U-boat packs which preyed on our Atlantic shipping, but the commerce raiders and their supply ships were able to hug the French coast and, under cover of their coastal forces, get clear away from Ushant instead of having to round the north of Scotland through our patrols and minefields. We were fortunate that Hitler's stringent orders forbade his heavy ships risking damage in action; consequently they seldom made serious attacks where there was a strong escort.

The Allies' position at the end of the period covered by this volume was very different. The U-boat menace had been much reduced owing to the organisation and careful training of the support groups, to the escort carriers and to the very long range aircraft then available, to the efficiency of our radar and our new weapons. At the end of 1943 the Admiralty recorded that "the Germans never came so near to disrupting communications between the New World and the Old as in the first twenty days of March, 1943." The successful landing in North Africa had opened up the Mediterranean again to our convoys; the occupation of Madagascar had strengthened our position in the Indian Ocean; in the Pacific the Japanese advance had been held by Allied forces, and the United States was beginning to retrieve the situation. Great as was the heroism displayed by all the forces engaged, perhaps a special tribute

is due to the officers and men of the Merchant Navy who manned the convoys, chugging slowly along, easy targets for the U-boats and aircraft, with nothing with which to hit back, and dependent entirely on the air and surface escorts for their protection.

Captain Roskill lightens the work by some quite amusing touches and his arrangement of it in three sections each preceded by a chronological survey of events and followed by a good summary of the situation at the time is very helpful. There is an abundant supply of maps and plans of battles; the book is beautifully illustrated with photographs both from Allied and enemy sources; it is well indexed, and fifteen appendices supply much useful information.

ROBERT N. BAX

The War at Sea. Volume II. By S. W. Roskill. H.M. Stationery Office. 42s.

THE FIRST CHIEF SCOUT

The younger generation to whom the name of Lord Baden-Powell is a household word as the founder of the great Scout movement whose seven million members are this year celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation would be quite likely to recognise the word "Mafeking" only in its transliterated form as the verb "to maffick" meaning, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, "to exult riotously" and to fail altogether to connect the name with the original Chief Scout. Yet to the generation into which I was born, the defence of the little South African town by Colonel Baden-Powell and its subsequent relief by Colonels Mahon and Plumer (later Field Marshal Lord Plumer and one of the outstanding leaders of the 1914-1918 war) was a very near and thrilling reality. Though one was too young to know any of the details of the siege or to have taken part in the "riotous exultation" which occurred in London when news of its relief on May 17, 1900, was received, one proudly wore a button bearing Baden-Powell's effigy and when, later, the Boy Scout movement was launched, one joined it eagerly, not only because it appealed to all the natural instincts of the average boy, but because it was sponsored by the Hero of Mafeking, who, at the age of fifty, still remained a boy at heart.

On February 22, 1957, occurred the hundredth anniversary of the birth of this same Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, named Robert Stephenson after the great engineer who was his godfather, and it was appropriate that on that day Mr. Grinnell-Milne's excellent account of the famous siege was published. This is a book which should appeal not only to the general reader, but to the whole Scout fraternity, for in describing the events of the siege, it gives a clear picture of the man. Observing his character during that testing time, it is possible to understand that it was natural for B.-P., a national hero, with the highest military prizes within his grasp, to be ready to forego the rewards in order to develop the Scout movement of which, almost unwittingly, he had become the founder when he organised a camp for twenty boys at Brownsea Island in 1907 and put into practice his theory that boys thrive on responsibility and ask nothing better than the opportunity to give unselfish service under the right sort of leadership.

But the Brownsea camp was not merely the testing of a theory. It was a natural development from the Mafeking Cadet Corps of boy messengers, who did such good work in that most unconventional of sieges. One wonders whether anyone but Baden-Powell would have attempted to hold the place at all. Mafeking was no walled city; it had indeed no kind of defensible perimeter. It was a mere huddle of tin-roofed buildings, asprawl across the Molopo river and the Cape Town-Bulawayo railway, with an African kraal thrown in for good measure. But B.-P.'s instructions were to attract and pin down as many of the enemy as possible and Mafeking was a sure magnet for

the Boers who, for many years, had been trying to seize this vital link between Cape Colony and the newly-opened territories to the north. Baden-Powell therefore decided to defend it, expecting to be relieved either from Rhodesia or Cape Town within six weeks at the worst. But things did not work out according to the too-optimistic planning of the campaign and, time after time, hopes of relief were postponed.

Nevertheless, by constant aggressive actions, by ruses and improvisations of every sort, he kept vastly superior enemy forces at bay. Within the town, he had a mixed population which included Boer sympathisers and over a thousand African natives. Towards the end, famine came near, but B.-P.'s initiative and determination never wavered, and he held out till relief came after two hundred and seventeen days. This, if you will, was just an incident in a minor war. But the story deserves to rank with other great tales in the history of our people and was well worth the telling.

DOUGLAS COLYER

Baden-Powell at Mafeking. By Duncan Grinnell-Milne. The Bodley Head. 25s.

FAITH AND THOUGHT

In 1690 John Locke, a civil servant and philosopher, published his famous *Essay on the Human Understanding* and thereby originated philosophical movement of thought which has gathered way and weight with the years and in these last days has issued in the schools of thought which can be roughly grouped as naturalistic Logical Positivism. Now comes Mr. Crawford Knox, another civil servant of today, to look at the philosophical results of that first essay and pass his judgment thereon. The juxtaposition of the two names has been made deliberately, for Mr. Knox has very considerable equipment as a philosopher and has reflected to some purpose and independently on his very wide reading. His knowledge of the modern idiom of thought in Logical Positivism is full, his statement of that idiom is fair and his evaluation of it penetrating and acute. Ordinary language, he declares, as well as ordinary experience, assumes a non-physical medium underlying the physical world, and he believes that the assumption of such a medium would make much more intelligible certain phenomena in the physical world itself, and, quite as important from the point of view of philosophy, would offer a solution of the problem of the relationships between body and mind. It would in addition set the facts revealed by deep psychic analysis and by paranormal psychology in a true perspective. Such a medium must be self-conscious and the mystical experience of religion indicates that it is what we really mean by God. To the reviewer's mind Mr. Knox presses his argument somewhat beyond what it will bear; it would seem to point to pan-psychism rather than to a personal God. It is a book which runs counter to much of our present-day thinking but it is emphatically a book worth reading.

The second book is the work of seven Oxford philosophers and theologians and it is the outcome of many years' conversation together. They do not raise many new questions, but questions which modern analytical philosophy raises for Christian faith have never been quite so sharply formulated or received such consecutive discussion as has gone to the making of this book. Its title indicates that the Logical Positivists are to be met on their own ground. Dr. Austen Farrer's opening essay may be said to fling down the gage. The world we live in, he affirms, is not only a world of things rightly and properly understood in terms of scientific measurement, but a world of persons. In that world of personal relationships and encounter, almost wholly neglected by the Logical Positivists, the outstanding fact is that we recognise that we have a claim one upon another. It is, in a word, a moral world, and if that assumption be thought through, it gives us a basis for veridical theological thinking. Mr. Ian Crombie's essay, which follows Dr. Farrer's, and is an examination of the

meaning of theological statements, is perhaps not the longest in the book but the most profitable to strict theological thinking. One has to pass by Dr. Farrer's second essay on "Revelation," Mr. G. C. Stead's on the method of theological reasoning and Mr. J. R. Lucas' on the soul to call special attention to Mr. Basil Mitchell's own essay on "Grace," Mr. R. M. Hare's on the relationship between religion and morals and above all to the last essay by Mr. M. B. Foster, who examines the implicit but unexpressed assumptions of what modern philosophers mean by "we." There is not a weak contribution in the book, and it is in fact not merely a demonstration that at the philosophical level religion has much more to say than many people imagine, but it is a call to philosophy to be itself and really try to think the whole of our experience together and to cease to draw conclusions about life from an examination of one aspect of it.

B. C. FLOWRIGHT

The Idiom of Contemporary Thought. By Crawford Knox. Chapman and Hall. 18s.
Faith and Logic. Edited by Basil Mitchell. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

PURITANISM

This is one of the most notable books on English Puritanism to appear for a long time. The author includes the familiar idea of its influence in shaping our present-day characteristics: "the fact that there is on Sundays in England, no horse racing, no professional cricket or football, and very few other organised amusements, is an obvious residue of nineteenth-century Puritanism"; but his theme is this with a difference. The book sees Puritanism emerging "in Elizabethan times as the articulate expression of a new age, in which competition tended to replace contract, in which free inquiry was esteemed more than inherited tradition, and in which the place to which a man was going was more important than the place from which he had come." Because Puritanism expressed the spirit of this new post-Renaissance age, it flourished, but because it could not "change its habit of mind from one of effective opposition to one of effective authority . . . with the Restoration, Puritanism, as a specific and recognisable movement, dissolved and died. But, at almost exactly the point where Puritan power ceased, Puritan influence may be said to have begun," leaving "its mark upon almost every aspect of English life." The author is on less-known ground when he treats of the means by which the Puritan tradition was continued. Whereas we commonly think of it as having been transmitted from the seventeenth century through the Nonconformists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we are here presented with the view that it was the Evangelical Movement in the Established Church which became "the medium through which the Puritan tradition is filtered into English society from above." Alongside this, the analysis of the relationship between Puritanism and civil liberty is also penetrating and rather startling.

The argument throughout is closely reasoned and repays careful study. The author has qualities peculiarly suited for the exposition of his theme. His style is logical and forceful, if sometimes a little repetitive, and the logicity is relieved by its acute analysis and by provocative reflections. Every now and again we are prodded by such a phrase as this: "the difference between a man and an ant is that God became Incarnate not in an ant but in a man." Or by this comment on Puritans: "They paid their debts but they did not always forgive their debtors. They believed that God's Kingdom is not of this world, but they forgot that this world is part of God's Kingdom." "Puritanism" we read "can be viewed as an adaptation of the ten commandments to the requirements of English social life." Perhaps most important of all is the author's deep understanding of his subject. Because he does not associate himself with Puritanism, yet appreciates its motives and significance, he presents it at once objectively and sympathetically. All of which, incidentally,

makes it difficult to understand why he allows himself here and there to slip into obvious errors. What evidence has he of "the hankerings after Roman Catholicism displayed by Charles I"? Similarly, John Pym was never a Puritan in the sense in which he is assumed to be in this book. And why is 1878 given as the date of the passing of the second Reform Bill? These, however, are not of the essence of the matter. The book is not likely to win the assent throughout of the reader, but it has the greater merit of constantly stimulating him to think for himself, to read and reflect, and then to read again.

S. REED BRETT

The Puritan Tradition in English Life. By John Marlowe. The Cresset Press. 16s.

A STUDY OF THE CRITICS

Any reader who has taken the trouble to compare some of the many volumes of literary criticism produced during the last few years, or of studying the book reviews and critical articles published in our literary periodicals, will probably have been surprised to discover what a wide variance exists in the assessments made by reputable critics. A book praised for its fine qualities by one authority is damned in its entirety by another. Particularly is this so in the sphere of poetry, where the author is liable to be first assigned to a poetic group or movement and then, with little regard to whatever individual characteristics his work may possess, judged according to the critic's own peculiar loyalties. Even when he is prepared to make full allowance for differences in opinion and interpretation the uninitiated reader must often find it difficult to detect any basic principles of criticism which will stand the test of changing values and ideologies, and to which most critics can subscribe.

This, to some extent, is the problem with which Dr. David Daiches has been occupied in his *Critical Approaches to Literature*, though it should perhaps be emphasised that he addresses himself to the student of literature rather than to the ordinary reader. "My aim," he says in the introduction, "has been to provide an aid to the intelligent study of literary criticism, and of literature, of a kind that none of the standard histories or anthologies provide: I am concerned with methodology, with the varying ways in which the art of literature and works of literature can be profitably discussed. . . ."

His book is in three parts, the first two devoted to the theory and practice of criticism and the third to the relationship between criticism and scholarship, psychology, sociology, and the cultural context. Although in the first section Dr. Daiches goes back to Plato and Aristotle for the philosophical foundations of criticism and works his way patiently through Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Coleridge to the modern views expressed by John Crowe Ransom and Cleanth Brooks, it is in this section that weaknesses of the book are most apparent. For in order to strengthen his line of argument he over-simplifies the theories he examines and, more reprehensibly, passes over several important critics whom it is hardly safe to ignore in a study of this nature, on the debatable ground that they do not "illustrate a method of approaching a literary work which is fundamentally different from that of some other critic who is discussed."

On the practice of criticism Dr. Daiches is a reliable mentor, as we have learned from his previous studies, and this book will add to his growing reputation. His shrewd and penetrating comments in the second section, where he analyses the writings of Dryden (on the Dramatic Unities), De Quincey (on *Macbeth*), T. S. Eliot (on Swinburne) and William Empson (on the multiplicity of meaning), comparing their various methods and effects, will undoubtedly be of real value to the student in search of true critical standards. It must be admitted, however, that he seems somewhat reluctant to commit himself on the validity of modern critical theories, being content to demonstrate and expound the techniques involved in the hope of assisting his readers to greater understanding and appreciation.

The third and smallest section (too small for at least one reader), dealing with literary criticism and related disciplines, touches upon subjects which might beneficially be explored in greater detail, especially that of the relationship between criticism and psychology. Dr. Daiches applies himself to his task with rare insight, which serves to whet the reader's appetite and leave him wishing for more.

HOWARD SERGEANT

Critical Approaches to Literature. By David Daiches. Longmans, Green & Co. 25s.

"THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE"

The Theatre World monographs have established themselves in the playgoer's expectancy. A total recall of his pleasures is impossible, for a prime factor in these excitements is the sudden awareness of a pin-drop hush around him where all had been rustlings and bronchitis and spectator-asides a timeless minute before. How then to recapture such sorcery or the sense of occasion which proclaims the greater dramatic exploits? Something like a formula, however, has been found in this series to convey certain rare acting-essences. The ingredients have been an extended essay in appreciation by a practised critic; theatre- and cinema-stills in largesse (the picture-editors are Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson); and a chronology of appearances as an appendix. These two volumes are by Eric Keown and J. C. Trewin, who have already succeeded with sizeable assignments, which were to contain Dames Peggy Ashcroft and Edith Evans respectively, and as far as could be done, within pasteboards. Their present quarry they approach with practised ease, recognising its elusiveness.

Mr. Keown is never in danger of letting us forget that Margaret Rutherford has become an English institution, and full justice is done to the bicycling bonhomie, the hockey-field attack, the invincible hats and brogues. But anyone could have done this, and it is his insistence that here is an actress whose best work subtly extends into a special world of pathos and eeriness that gives the study its chief value. Of course one would not insult her (and Mr. Coward's) greatest creation, Madame Arcati, by saying it had any ordinary pathos. There was stillness, though, at the centre of the extravaganza. At one moment, as the medium weighed her next move against the unruly apparition her face took on abstracted grandeur, as of a great medieval abbot with a head for business. That was her supreme communication in the cinema, which, apart from a definitive Miss Prism, has largely wasted her; though there has been omitted from the chronology a mediocre version of *Spring Meeting*, which served, however fitfully, to enshrine her memorable Aunt Bijou.

Eleven years ago at Stratford one had the odd experience at a routine *As You Like It*, of being disturbed and rivetted by the opening words of an unregarded character, Oliver. Then, the next night, there was a Lucio of unique sardonic charm. It was no wonder that people came back saying they had "discovered" Paul Scofield, only to find, somewhat sheepishly, that everyone else had too. (Anyway, as Mr. Trewin shows, that honour had been Birmingham's.) Indeed, his way to the stars was plain—this poignant yet quicksilver player, about him a glory to which this particular critic has been from the beginning an eloquent witness. A 1955 "still" can show why he was destined neither for neutral handsome leads nor mere canters in light comedy; Hamlet cloaked and braced against a cold, which is more elemental than Moscow's, for it is from a spiritual abyss, and which he will meet with the pared-down endurance that belongs only to things extremely fine. Mr. Trewin does right to leave his subject poised, excitingly, on a threshold.

Margaret Rutherford. By Eric Keown. Rockliff. 15s.

G. W. HORNER

Paul Scofield. By J. C. Trewin. Rockliff. 15s.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

March 6, 1957: the first Independence Day of the new State within the Commonwealth, and the happily achieved date of publication for *GOLD COAST TO GHANA* (John Murray, 15s.) by Paul Redmayne, whose pictorial history has a most worthy place in the celebrations. "A very worthy addition" too, says Dr. Nkrumah in the Foreword, "to the growing library of books about our young nation." Over a hundred photographs adorn the forty-eight pages, showing how four-and-a-half million people in busy street or jungle clearing, on plantation or farm, in factory or fishing boat, have found prosperity and security. Cocoa is the main reason, for it "provides more than a third of the total revenue and more than pays for all the development." Now that malaria and other tropical diseases are under control, life is healthy and leisure ample in a land of warmth and fruitful soil. Only an ugly memory are the days of gold (50,000 pieces called guineas, after the Coast, were minted in England alone in 1673) and of the slave trade that lasted three hundred years. An atmosphere of heartlift, of anticipation sunny as the climate, pervades Mr. Redmayne's story and shines out of his illustrations. By the British reader, uneasy with thoughts of past colonisation, the strides in education from nursery to university, in transport, industries, political consciousness and the humanities are gratefully received. There seems to be eagerness to learn from past mistakes, although it may be significant that more students come to Europe to study law than engineering and technical subjects, and, as the author warns, "the first duty of the Government must be to maintain a prosperous agriculture, to promote village life and to discourage the trek to the towns." There is no time for the schoolchildren to grow up; their parents must be taught in a hurry how to be a part of self-government and self-help. On condition that the offers of assistance from

other Governments have no ulterior and unworthy purposes, the omens are good that teething troubles will be few and growing pains avoidable.

"Perpetual friendship"

It was the Portuguese, lured by the Gold Coast's potential wealth, who sent to it in 1481 a prefabricated trading post, five hundred soldiers and a hundred masons. The resurgence of interest, occasioned by Queen Elizabeth the Second's visit, in "our oldest ally" finds precise information in the English version of *Uma Velha Aliança, The Anglo-Portuguese Alliance*, by Eduardo Brazao (Sylvan Press, 8s. 6d.). Part II quotes the various documents in chronological order. Part I "The Origin of the Alliance," translated by Joan Croft de Moura, begins with "bald, stout, rosy-cheeked Winston Churchill" announcing the granting of facilities in the Azores, to help beat the German submarines, and startling the Commons (and no doubt amusing himself) with his preamble: "arising out of the Treaty signed between this country and Portugal in the year 1373 between His Majesty Edward III and King Ferdinand and Queen Eleanor . . ." The two were allies in the Crusades which were essentially a counter-offensive against the Saracen threat, and the first King of Portugal embarked on a policy of foreign alliances by marriage which his successors followed, conspicuously for England when Catharine of Braganza, whose portrait is the frontispiece, came to marry Charles II.

On the run

KING CHARLES PRESERVED (*The Rodale Press, André Deutsch. 4s. 6d.*), an Account of his Escape after the Battle of Worcester dictated by the King himself to Samuel Pepys, was recollected perhaps not in tranquillity but some twenty-nine years after. It convincingly conveys the loneliness, the hunger and dirtiness of the forlorn fugitive, the claustrophobic airlessness of hiding-holes, the strained watching

for hostile soldiers from the top of the "great oak, that had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through," the fear of recognition by people who had seen his tall figure around the scenes of combat, and it excels in the laconic understatement which is supposed to be the hall mark of the adventurous Englishman. The recital is illustrated by Maurice Bartlett rather messily but with a due sense of the secrecy, the darkness and the muddle of Charles' pathetic last attempt to regain his father's throne with the aid of the Scottish Presbyterians.

Tyranny of the kirk

The mutilated body of his great captain from over the border was given public and honoured re-burial by the King (with a bad conscience or good?) as soon as he was restored to that throne. Reading MONTROSE (*Oxford University Press World's Classics*, 8s. 6d.) is to have the heart stirred again—and chilled again—by the god-like ability to lead, the courage and eloquence, the youthful glory—and the wallow of blood and violence ushered in by Church and State. John Buchan first published the biography in 1928, since when there has been no incentive to revise the opinion that in this vindication of his hero he displayed his equipment, as fellow-Lowlander, military historian, lover of romance in action and born storyteller, at its most scholarly and persuasive. In the words of his own Preface his aim was "to present a great figure in its appropriate setting . . . the understanding of a career which must rank among the marvels of our history . . . of a mind and character which seem in a high degree worthy of the attention of the modern reader." How well Buchan succeeded is endorsed by Dr. Keith Feiling now, who in the Introduction says: "*Montrose* . . . is probably the most enduring of his serious works. In usual he was an interpreter or critic, but here something of a specialist and more of a creator."

"Pictured morals"

Interpreter and critic, yes, and humorist-moralist-satirist as well, is "the Author" as he preferred to be styled of "A Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Stages of Cruelty," "Beer Street and Gin Lane," "Industry and Idleness" and "Marriage à la Mode." The thirty-eight plates of these have been reproduced in HOGARTH'S TIMES (*The Rodale Press, André Deutsch*, 4s. 6d.), which is edited with an Introduction and Notes by Michael Alexander. Beneath the pictures are the curtailed comments of the enterprising Rev. John Trusler in collaboration with Mrs. Hogarth after the artist's death. (Mr. Alexander reminds us that "the gentleman engaged by her to moralise on each print" made also considerable sales of sermons printed in imitation of handwriting "to save clergy both study and the trouble of transcribing".) Her other object, to have the pictures "explained," was surely absurdly redundant, for here the characters are, in all their brutal clarity. Where there are topical obscurities, real portraits of magistrates, doctors and so on, or contemporary burlesques and papers too small for our deciphering, the present editor's notes are invaluable and placed unobtrusively together as a prelude to each dire progression. The book seems to be remarkably cheap, and doubly so if it sends us back to the Victoria and Albert Museum to see the collection "writ large." Apropos: if the original of the Hogarth and dog little picture which forms the book's epilogue is the self-portrait possibly in the Tate Gallery, there should be some writing not visible on the palette here. Its meaning he was persuaded to expound as defining "the fluctuating ideas of Taste" in his *Analysis of Beauty*, a title that would gracefully describe the next book.

A tart and tonic voice

It is W. R. Lethaby's FORM IN CIVILISATION (*Oxford University*

Press. 12s. 6d.), which is re-issued with an instructive chapter (most inadequately termed a Foreword) by Lewis Mumford, and the addition of factual points to cover a few changes that have occurred since 1922 when the book appeared. Mr. Mumford demonstrates the continued importance of these twenty-two essays about art and labour, Lethaby being one "of the apostolic succession that began with Ruskin and moved on through William Morris." Some of Lethaby's shafts against academic copying of the antique equal Hogarth's own; yet, to quote Mr. Mumford again, "he did not disdain the past because he joyfully accepted the challenge of the present, nor did he undervalue the need for manual skill because he recognised and valued the marvellous efficiency of the machine." What Lethaby had to say of town tidying, housing, design, education of the architect and his approach to life, exhibitionism and the higher criticism, the folly of long spells of neglect for historic and beautiful buildings alternating with "restoration" campaigns, has all too modern a ring. If it is certain, as Mr. Mumford avers, that he would have enjoyed the inside of London's Festival Hall from which many of us derive the keenest aesthetic pleasure, by the same token it is equally certain that he would have heartily disliked its exterior, as many of us continue to do. Furthermore, his admiration of the old Waterloo Bridge would not have precluded his delight in ours, uncluttered as it is. His is a reassuring voice to hear from the wilderness of fifty years ago, satiric and bracing. It managed to be controversial and constructive together; our architects and town-planners are wise if they heed it still.

Burgesses at work

A town with a new cathedral, some of the finest docks in the world, a penicillin factory and the Mersey Tunnel is entitled to the notion that it has something to boast about. So to celebrate the 750th anniversary of its first charter it has produced LIVERPOOL

(*B. T. Batsford*. 35s.), a volume crammed with illustrations of the quality for which the publishers are justly famed and a long and distinguished story told by George Chandler, the city librarian and local historian. This is a social study, of flesh and blood, of belief and custom and workaday usage, of civic consciousness and cultural responsibility. From the days of King John the people have been prone to the running of their own affairs, and this determination is bracketed in Alderman J. Braddock's Foreword with the Grand National and football pools as some more of the institutions that help to make whole the Liverpool tradition. Of the rest, Dr. Chandler surveys the gamut from baronial strongholds to the Liverpoolian Eleanor Rathbone's family allowances scheme, from Luke de Derby's payment of 5½d. for the farrower's winter sowing in 1256 to the boom town industrial developments of Merseyside, from the dismissal in 1564 of the "town's musician" to the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Away to the east lies another ancient borough, with a charter a century older. Abraham Samuel, jeweller and silversmith, settled there in 1755 and began a remarkable uprooting of refugees from persecution in Europe, notably from Poland where Catherine's hordes and the Turkish "deliverers" murdered and plundered. The Jews who escaped probably went from Danzig where the coal trade meant frequent sailings to the Tyne. The tremendous story of triumph over loss, of the tenacity of the will to survive, is continued in the HISTORY OF THE SUNDERLAND JEWISH COMMUNITY (*Macdonald*. 25s.) by the late Arnold Levy. Dr. Cecil Roth's Foreword stresses the need for close study of concrete instances, and with many photographs, charts and scrupulous documentation Levy, who lies in Sunderland's burial ground, has presented for our better understanding the workings, composition, and background of Anglo-Jewry everywhere.

GRACE BANYARD